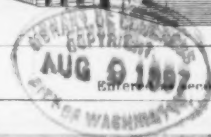


LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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BACK FROM THE KLONDIKE—LANDING, AT SEATTLE, OF THE FIRST PARTY OF SUCCESSFUL GOLD-MINERS FROM ALASKA.

More than a ton of gold, valued at a million and a quarter of dollars, was the cargo brought by the steamer *Portland* from Alaska, last month. The treasure was the property of sixty-eight miners, each of whom less than a year previously had been a new prospector in the Klondike region. These men carried down the gang-plank of the *Portland* gold in sacks, valises, blankets, baskets, and boxes. The successful miners, many of them citizens of Seattle, told of unlimited treasure left behind; and amazement was changed to a feeling of conviction that the new gold-fields of the North were the greatest the world had ever known.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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The Value of Action.

SECRETARY GAGE has thus far impressed the country as being one of the strongest men of the Cabinet, and a level-headed chief of the Treasury Department who talks well and knows thoroughly what he talks about. In one of his latest speeches he emphasized the importance of prompt action, although at the same time holding that there was no need of undue haste, in the settlement of the financial question. There would undoubtedly be a great deal of haste if the people only knew the safe way to bring about the settlement, but the whole financial problem seems to be one of those special providences which must work out their own results, while the people vote for and trust in the best values and the highest standard. We have not a particle of doubt that all will be well in the end. The great thing is to have at the head of affairs men who will serve the solid business interests and the real welfare of the nation, instead of running off into every craze that promises a wordy specific for the ills that trade and government are heir to.

When we have this sort of man in control we feel secure, for it means that if action may be needed, action will be taken, and taken wisely. In such exigencies the value of prompt action becomes inestimable. Bismarck once said that a simple act was worth a ton of protests. We have seen this illustrated in the tariff bill. The simple act of the bill being introduced was a tonic to the country. The matured act of its passage was the starting-point of the new prosperity, for since the 23d of July this country is hundreds of millions of dollars better off than it was last February. It was the moment when Uncle Sam's engineer began to crowd on steam, and to make a faster schedule from producer to consumer, from buyer to seller, from the farm to the factory, from industry to the capitalist, from the whole hive of human employment to the markets of the world.

Action is the key-note of this nation's existence. It has done more things than any other people, because it has done more work more quickly than any other tribe on earth. The reason that Uncle Sam owns more dollars than anybody else is because his long and nimble legs have traveled faster, and his clear and elevated brain has thought quicker, and his clean and healthy blood has flown more swiftly, than in the experience of any of his contemporaries. He has "beat creation" by action, and action is the dynamo that pushes him onward and forward, to the consternation of all his rivals. The only thing he cannot stand is inaction, and it is pretty well understood that blocking the wheels of trade and legislation in order that a few persons may talk unceasing platitudes is one of those general nuisances which must soon succumb to the demand for action and the common-sense sentiment of the times.

The Mining Strike.

ALTHOUGH the strike of the bituminous coal-miners did not check the impulses that were in the direction of healthful industrial and commercial activity, yet the power was in that great body of miners to do that. At the beginning of the strike no one could foretell its effect. These grimy men of the pick and gloomy, cavernous toil, if acting in common, determined purpose, and if directed by a masterly intellect, could have starved every furnace in the country, and paralyzed every locomotive. They might have caused the country to halt right upon the threshold of prosperity, and permitted no advance until the grievances of which they complained were ended and the rights they demanded yielded to them.

That they did not accomplish this does not justify the inference that they do not possess the power, but rather that they could not concentrate and direct their power. They could not bring into sympathetic support all of their number. They were unable to close all the mines because not all the miners joined in the demand for new concessions.

They did, however, demonstrate with ominous warning what some day, acting in common and under true and sufficient leadership, they may be able to do. Public sentiment will always be with those who toil as these subterranean workers do, if they do not receive just compensation for their work, and if they are made victims of harsh and arbitrary rules. Their life is at best a cheerless one, and their earnings can suffice for little more than the scanty support of themselves and their families.

If, therefore, they should join in unanimous protest,

unite thoroughly, effectively, and make demands which public sentiment regards as just, they will demonstrate their vast power and win their victory if they are guided by a leader truly great.

Some day it may happen that a man gifted with the ability that makes the great leader may choose to use it in the direction of this vast army which takes from the bowels of the earth the food for the engines of modern civilization. He would discipline this army with the ability of a soldier and the tact of a political master. He would concentrate its vast power and use it with irresistible force, and no man could predict the result of the collision of intellect with intellect, and of the power of concentrated labor with the power of concentrated capital.

To be successful, however, this leader and his army of mine-workers must have justice and right upon their side not only in their claims, but also in their acts.

Therefore, it behooves those who own and operate these coal-mines of the United States to consider as carefully and as justly the rights of those whom they employ as they do their credit, the extension of their business, the markets, and how best, with fair profit, to supply them. That this is the disposition of many of the mine-owners is to be inferred from the fact that so far, the miners in some districts have refused to join, even sympathetically, in the strike.

The Summer Music.

IT is often hard to realize how many advances have been made in this country within the past ten years. This is especially true in the furnishing of comfort and amusement to the general public. After a short period of education the realizing of the blessings that were preached was swift. We owe to Europe the initiative for many of these things, and next, possibly, to New York, which was swift to take up the benefits of the work, and from New York the results have spread throughout the country.

Surely nothing is pleasanter than the thought that, as you read these lines, concerts of excellent music by finely-trained bands are being given in some of the public squares and parks of the cities of the country. All the summer, in many of the cities, the music is furnished, generally by appropriation from the boards of aldermen or the city councils, occasionally by private subscriptions. There is never any lack of an audience, even when the weather threatens. On fair days the neighborhood of the band-stands is crowded, and to observe the delight of the youngsters, the smiling satisfaction of the elders, and the universal enjoyment of all, is to know that the scheme of furnishing free music to the people in the squares and parks is worth a dozen times the cost, for it not only gives pleasure, but it educates all it reaches to those higher and better things and aspirations which are the end of all culture and civilization.

The Going-away Habit.

RUSSELL SAGE said the other day that when he was young he worked sixteen hours a day, and when the regular day's labor was reduced to twelve hours he thought the millennium was well on its way. He has since seen the time brought down to ten, and then to eight hours, and he now expects to witness a contest for a six-hour day. This makes a most interesting contrast, and it may explain in a measure the still more marvelous increase in the general going-away in the warm-weather season. Where one family went to a summer resort thirty years ago, fifty go to-day. Within the memory of the present generation the hegira has doubled, trebled, quadrupled, until practically everybody who makes a dollar of wages or income speaks of going away for the summer as if it were as natural as a trolley-ride.

What is the result? At the seashore and in the mountains there are all kinds of accommodations for all kinds of people—boarding-houses which have plain comforts, modest hotels which shelter and feed modest people, settlements which bring together persons of congenial tastes and employments, palaces which glow with electricity and combine every luxury that the almighty dollar can command. There is no limit to the scale, no demand that cannot be filled. The summer person is various and numerous, but the summer hotel is ahead of its customers.

Whipping the Wife-beaters.

SEVERAL of the States, seeking to make the punishment fit the crime, have special statutes allowing the courts to sentence wife-beaters to a definite number of lashes at the whipping-post. In one or more instances the whipping-post has been revived to meet this particular kind of brutality, for it seems to be the rule that the man who will beat a woman will not mind a little thing like a fine or a few weeks in jail. It has been pretty clearly demonstrated that after his confinement he almost invariably returns to his old habits. The fault has been largely in the magistrates of cities, who have, with rare exceptions, dealt leniently with this meanest of offenses. Cases without end could be cited where poor women have been beaten within a fraction of death by big, drunken bullies who lived off of their wives' earnings, and where the police magistrates imposed only fines and costs. There was a time when a man's right to beat his wife was generally conceded, and it often seems as if the old barbarism had

come down as a special inheritance for our police magistrates.

The effect of the whipping-post as a corrective of the evil has in several aspects been quite satisfactory. It is indorsed by the police force and the courts, but is bitterly opposed by the reformers and philanthropists. The wife-beating brute fears the cat—as the official whip is called—a thousand times more than he does imprisonment. In one State the re-establishment of the post reduced the wife-beating cases in the courts more than eighty per cent. Recently the post has been neglected, and the increase has gone back to the old proportions. The newspapers demand that the wife-beaters be sent to the post; the philanthropists hold that if this is done it will be a barbarism, and its effect will be to take from the man punished all hope or spirit of manhood. The others hold that such a brute can only be punished physically, and thus the discussion goes on. We are inclined to the belief that a little lapse into barbarism for the benefit of wife-beaters would be a pretty good thing; certainly the milk-and-water that the philanthropists prescribe does no good whatever. Let the whipping-post be established for the wife-beaters, and let the whisk of the cat be heard till the brutes can beat no more.

Noise.

KEATS speaks, in one of his poems, of—

"A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves."

And how much would we all, at times, who are in the thick of our strident civilization, enjoy that blissfully-described spot. When Wordsworth said "the world is too much with us," it was not quite that noisy world which we have to-day. For modern invention seems in quite recent times to have unloosed the witches of Bedlam. 'Tis not alone on paved streets that we hear them. Does not the locomotive scream its unearthly and—some think—needless shout, past every farmstead? It repeats and reiterates it on certain portions of the railway track, in the natural quietude of night as well as by day, with demoniac violence. The factory whistle screams in hearing of almost every remote hamlet several times a day; the church, in spite of the multitude of infinitesimally cheap watches, sounds its raucous clock or bell, regardless of invalid ears near at hand; hawkers of wares carry with them horns of wild cacaphony—as if fish and vegetables would be forgotten without their hideous jarring of the air for a mile's distance.

But the enumeration of vile and useless sounds is too familiar to need recalling, and too long to ask extension here. The question which arises is, Why do we all so patiently endure these things? It must be because they have come upon us so gradually that we have not stopped to think there is any alternative to them. We would not dismiss invention and machinery and go back to the old ways; and no one yet has stopped to think how the new ways can be civilized or softened.

Our thoughtlessness, or patience, or whatever it may be, is noticed also in the mode by which we celebrate the Fourth of July, whose echoes are still in our ears. We have ordinances and laws in towns that are dismissed on that day to secure a complete and unbroken pandemonium. It was a dreadful responsibility that John Adams, our second President took, when in one brief paragraph he predicted, after the Declaration of Independence was made, that doubtless the day of its announcement would forever after be celebrated by the firing of cannon, the building of bonfires, etc. 'Tis true, he did not then know the diabolical implements of noise that have been invented since his day; but it is to be hoped that he has somehow heard of them and is repentant.

There is no doubt that the multiplied noises of our time distinctly shorten life. They certainly make it harder to live. In cities, and large or considerable towns, people who are ill and in the doctor's hands lose their lives in hundreds of cases because of excessive noise; and those who recover find their illness more unendurable and recovery slower. It is strange that the race, having exalted its nerves by more coddled living and less harsh exposure, should torment with tenfold more racket than its ancestors put up with, these victims of neurosthenia.

The civilization of the person dismisses loud tones. The loud laugh, as Emerson says, is "barbaric." In a polite drawing-room no one expects, or finds, the bawl of the Comanche. Why can we not now take our multiplied mechanism in hand and tame it as we have our educated folk? Let us give the fishman a flute, the railroad a softer or different signal, dismiss ponderous and dissonant bells, and somehow make a beginning for peace and rest. The world must come to this effort some day, and why may not this jaded and noise-stricken generation begin it? There must be boiler-shops, to be sure—and these can be sequestered somewhat—but do not let us sink in acquiescence with those who wish to make the whole out-of-doors a boiler-shop.



—THE degree of master of arts was conferred by Yale on Theodore N. Ely a few weeks ago. Mr. Ely is a practical man pre-eminently, and has worked his way up from an humble position in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to be its chief of motive power, and, next to President Roberts, since deceased, its most efficient factor in the adaptation of electricity to trunk-line traction. Mr. Ely had successfully used the trolley to haul standard-gauge railway-cars on the Mount Holly branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company before the trolley was put into operation on the Nantasket Beach branch of the New York, New Haven and Hartford road.

—When the first brigade of the New Jersey State troops went into camp at Sea Girt, last week, George Inness came over from

Paris to fulfill his duties with the crack Essex Troop. Mr. Inness is fond of life in the French capital, where his reputation as an artist is constantly growing, in spite of the heavy handicap of his father's greater fame. He is an enthusiastic cavalryman. His friends tell an interesting story of his experience with a somewhat fractious horse while on parade last year. While the troop was charging in solid ranks across the parade-ground Inness's horse broke for the stables on a dead run. General Sewall, amused at the sight, turned to Captain Fleming, and said: "Gad, captain, how your men can ride!"

—There are comparatively few women in music who achieve great success as contraltos. Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood is a great



MRS. KATHERINE BLOODGOOD.

contralto, as well as a young and beautiful woman, and an excellent musician. She has a delightfully sweet, sonorous contralto voice of exceptional purity, and has distinguished herself in oratorio work. Mrs. Bloodgood is not yet twenty-five years of age, and is a New-Yorker by birth. She received the regulation musical training, beginning in America and ending in Europe. Her successful concert-tours have taken her to all parts of America. She seems to arouse most enthusiasm with the simple religious songs; but in such grand arias as "He Was Despised and Rejected of Men," and "O Thou that Teldest Good Tidings to Zion," from the "Messiah," she is at her best, artistically.

—There are skilled followers of art-handiwork in New York as well as in London, who fully understand how to give the



MISS LILLY MARSHALL.

homely things of life an aesthetic value. Such a one is Miss Lilly Marshall, well known as an artistic worker in wrought metals, who not only draws the designs for her striking wares, but has made a market for them. This clever young woman is accomplished in fine wood-carving, the coloring of copper, and silver and gold chased or repoussé work. Her articles are rich in beauty, and find a ready market. In addition to her practical metal work, Miss Marshall has taught the essentials of her art to many students through the medium of the leading art magazines, during the last half-dozen years. She has shown how the bones of animals can be ground down and colored in beautiful tints, to serve as napkin-rings, vases, cologne-bottles, and the like. Each article has a special pattern of its own, and cannot be duplicated. And as these iridescent specialties are not found in any wholesale market, their value increases from year to year. She is English by birth, and received her art education in Europe, but upon completing her studies came to New York, where she has remained ever since. At this writing she is reported in very precarious health.

—Professor Franz von Lenbach, the German portrait-painter, is one of the latter-day masters of delineation and expression. Lenbach's Bismarck is a masterpiece of this century. He has also immortalized on canvas some of the most famous of contemporary royalties and Pope Leo XIII. Personally, Lenbach is the most unpretentious of men. Like most Bavarians, he was a good Catholic until recently, when, for reasons connected with his divorce case, he renounced Romanism. At his home in Munich, the most picturesque Pompeian villa in that very



PROFESSOR FRANZ VON LENBACH.

artistic town, the professor moves in an atmosphere of undisturbed refinement and intellectuality. Affluence and liberality are apparent in the richly-appointed studios and vast picture-gallery; yet the busy artist is wont to repair to the "Allotria" (the artists' club, of which he is president) and call for a dish of Irish stew, with a "maass" of beer, containing three pints of Munich's best brew.

—The women light-house keepers are the modern heroines of real-life romance. Grace Darling and Ida Lewis were the pioneers of their calling; and the latter, who is now known as Mrs. Wilson, is still in charge of the Lime Rock Light in Narragansett Bay. But there are others of equal efficiency and courage, who are content to let their lights shine for them, while their names rest in the obscurity of the government records. There are no less than thirty women light-house keepers in the employment of the United States to-day. Some of them have been in the service forty years, or almost since the present organization, which dates back to 1852. Mrs. A. C. Murdock, the keeper

of the light at Rondout, on the Hudson River, and Mrs. Nancy Rose, keeper of the light at Stony Point, were appointed in 1857. Harriet E. Colfax, keeper of the light at Michigan City, was appointed in 1861; Julia F. Williams, at Santa Barbara, California, in 1865; Mrs. Maria Younghaus, at Biloxi, Mississippi, in 1867, and Mary J. Succow, at Pass Manchac, Louisiana, in 1873. These female slaves of the lamp are notably careful and conscientious in the discharge of their duties, and it is remarked that they endure the lonesome, monotonous life of a light-keeper better than men. Salaries range from four hundred dollars to fourteen hundred dollars, and the keepers have comfortable houses, with fuel, lights, and provisions furnished by the government.

—Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop has a right to be eccentric, connected as she is with literary genius both by birthright inheritance and by marriage. But eccentricity that takes the form of practical altruism not only is excusable, but under certain conditions may rise to heroism and sainthood. It was more than a year ago that Mrs. Lathrop began, in a small way, in the slums of New York City, her mission of personal ministrations to poor women suffering from cancerous diseases. The good work has grown, if it has not conspicuously prospered, and its founder has persevered in an optimistic way that inspires confidence.

Through the public press she asks frankly for what money she needs, tells explicitly what she wants it for, and generally gets it. She is even willing to overcome her intense aversion to having her portrait published, for the sake of possible aid accruing from the objectionable *réclame*. In a recent characteristic letter to the *Sun*, acknowledging substantial money contributions, Mrs. Lathrop says: "A charity that intends to cope with the incurable poor in a class of disease so prevalent as cancer and its kindred disorders can only be developed by the public, as the street railroads are. Small donations in great numbers, these are the force which will create and continue the innumerable free beds needed for incurables who cannot pay for care and home, but who should be cared for because we have been commanded to remember them. Place within my power, under whatever supervision is desired, the means to secure land already selected as admirable for the purpose, or a building now standing capable of at once accommodating three hundred free beds, and in the autumn there shall exist, I promise, a charity that will move hearts by its justice and charm by its simplicity. Eight hundred dollars is now in the Bank of the Metropolis for this hospital. Contributions can be sent to the Bank of the Metropolis, Sixteenth Street and Broadway, to my credit; to the Reverend M. J. Lavelle, at the cathedral rectory, 460 Madison Avenue, New York; or to me at 668 Water Street, New York."

—Ensign W. R. Gherardi, of the United States Navy, and a son of that gallant naval veteran, Rear-Admiral Gherardi, is a veritable chip of the old block. Not content with the name he inherits and the rank he has won in the regular service, the young officer is making a golden record for personal bravery as a life-saver. Already he wears one medal, presented to him in recognition of his heroic rescue of a sailor from drowning during the big storm off Hatteras last winter. Last week, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, young Gherardi confirmed and added to his life-saving honors by jumping overboard from the battle-ship *Texas* after a sailor and a landsman who were imperiled by the capsizing of a boat through an accident in lowering. A strong tide was running out, but Gherardi succeeded in bringing his man safely to the boom, while the sailors rescued the other. Bravo, Ensign Gherardi! It is of such stuff that great admirals are made.

—Mrs. Florence Blythe Hinkley has again come into prominent notice through the reopening, in the San Francisco courts, of the famous will contest, which may deprive her of her fortune of four million dollars. Mrs. Hinkley is one of the most inconspicuous of women who are talked about. When she came to this country, from England, fourteen years ago, a modest, handsome girl of ten, she became the object of much curious interest, because she claimed the fortune of a dead millionaire, whose reputed daughter she was. Thomas Blythe was an Englishman of obscure origin, who came to San Francisco forty years ago and amassed a fortune. In London he had met a pretty girl, Julia Terry, who was also intimate with, and finally married, a man named Ashcroft. She contended that her daughter Florence was Blythe's child; and though Blythe left London before the latter's birth, and never saw her, he settled fifty pounds a year on her. After Blythe's death Mrs. Ashcroft brought the girl to this country, and she was well educated in the schools of Oakland. The will contest was decided in her favor, and she found herself in possession of an income of twelve thousand dol-

lars a month. In 1890 she was married to Frederick Hinkley, a well-to-do man of Massachusetts origin, who died three years ago. Since then she has lived in retirement in her Oakland home. Though the will case is now reopened by the English relatives of Blythe, Mrs. Hinkley has won in the preliminary hearings.

—The following anecdote of General Robert E. Lee, among the personal reminiscences recently published in the *Outlook*, is characteristic of the magnanimous greatness of the Virginia chieftain, as well as a high tribute to General Grant, his victorious adversary and loyal friend: At a faculty meeting of the Washington and Lee University, during Lee's presidency, one of the professors made some disparaging remarks about General Grant. General Lee, in indignation, rose from his chair and, looking the professor full in the face, said to him: "Sir, if you ever presume to speak disrespectfully of General Grant in my presence, either you or I will sever his connection with this university."

—The selection of George K. Nash, of Columbus, to be the Republican campaign manager in Ohio means much for Republican success in that State. Judge Nash is an eminent lawyer, has served as attorney-general and supreme judge of Ohio, and has rare qualities for organization and practical political effort. He was chosen chairman of the State Executive Committee at the suggestion and request of President McKinley and Senator Hanna, and will begin at once the great work of organizing the State and Legislative campaigns. Two years ago he was the leading candidate for Governor against Governor Bushnell in the convention. Two years hence, with the prestige he is sure to gain from the result of the Ohio election this year, he will probably be chosen Governor.

—Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, of the United States battle-ship *Maine*, has a splendid record in the navy, dating from his graduation from Annapolis in 1863, and including active war-service in the battle of Mobile Bay, with the North Atlantic blockading squadron in 1865, and in the attacks and final assault on Fort Fisher. Last week, in the crowded East River of New York, Captain Sigsbee distinguished himself and his ship by a *tour-de-force* of seamanship which, while attracting well-merited admiration on its own account, was prompted by a situation of imminent peril, involving the lives of more than a thousand persons. The *Maine* was on her way back to Tompkinsville from a cruise in Long Island Sound, when, about opposite Pier 42, East River, she came suddenly into a kind of "pocket" formed by a Mallory line steamer, a tug with two railroad floats of freight-cars, and two excursion boats—the *Isabella* and the *Chancellor*, both crowded to the rails with passengers. The *Maine*, forced out of her course, was bearing down directly upon the *Isabella*, whose pilot had either misunderstood or disregarded the signals. Captain Sigsbee at this crisis took personal command of the *Maine*, and instantly ordered the engines reversed and the wheel put hard-a-port. The great war-ship came about with a celerity that astonished all beholders, and headed directly in shore, while the *Isabella*, with her load of passengers, passed by in safety, barely four feet clear of the ironclad's stern. Then the *Maine* ran bow on into the pier of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad at the foot of Jefferson Street, carried away a portion of the north side of the pier, sunk railroad float 21, with ten loaded freight-cars aboard, and drove float 11, in the rear of float 21, into the bulkhead, tearing up a section of South Street, but received no damage herself except to have the paint scraped off her sides. In less than ten minutes the battle-ship damaged railroad property to the extent of about four thousand dollars, while her brave commander, by his skill and presence of mind, saved a thousand human lives.

—The adventurous scaling of the Mesa Encantada, that strange isolated rock in the New Mexican desert, by Professor

William Libbey, of Princeton, has demonstrated that the traditional "enchantment" of the place was only lent by distance and inaccessibility. It disposes completely and finally of the mythical rumors of its former inhabitants, and determines precisely and scientifically its geological history and character. Incidentally, Professor Libbey gains through his exploit an unsought personal celebrity which will be far from contributing to his complacency of mind. He is a man of sufficiently marked personality to be in himself a distinguishing feature of undergraduate life at Princeton. Among the boys he is irreverently known as "Billy." They have a sincere respect and regard for him, which are usually veiled by their frank expressions of appreciation for the humorous aspect of his most praiseworthy peculiarities. Professor Libbey's vacations have for years been spent in research and exploration, all at his own expense, but all for the glory of Princeton. No one could be more surprised, and even hurt, than he will be when he finds that credit has been given to him rather than to his university for his latest achievement. His office in the Princeton faculty is the congenial one of registrar. He inherited a living income from his father, who was also a Princeton professor, and considers that fact sufficiently good reason for either turning his salary back into the university treasury, or applying it himself to some need of the place.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM LIBBEY.





PHYLLIS RANKIN



COUNTESS VON HATZFELDT.



"AL" HART, COMEDIAN.



SCENE FROM ACT II. OF "THE FIRSTBORN."



GEORGE OSBORNE AS "DR. POW LEN."



MAY BUCKLEY AS "LUEY SING."



FRANCIS POWERS AND LITTLE "HONG GET."

"THE FIRSTBORN," A DRAMA OF CHINESE LIFE, AS ORIGINALLY PRODUCED IN SAN FRANCISCO.

An interesting novelty in plays, that originated in San Francisco and is coming east, is "The Firstborn," written by an actor named Francis Powers, who assumes one of its principal parts. The story is a domestic tragedy of Chinese life, dealing with the accidental killing of a child during the struggle for his possession between the father and the mother, the latter being a runaway wife. All the characters in the piece are Chinese, but are impersonated by American players, with the assistance of a few Mongolian "supers." "The Firstborn" has met with great success in San Francisco, where its strong dramatic qualities, interpreted by an excellent company including the actor-author himself, have moved large audiences, drawn from all classes of people. Mr. David Belasco will superintend the production of this new development of the native drama in New York, whither a part of the original cast will be brought, during the coming season.

Miss Phyllis Rankin, a young woman of good American theatrical lineage, has lately added gayety and grace to the programme of Koster & Bial's, in her surprisingly close imitation of Anna Held. Of course an artiste might "imitate" the dainty Parisienne to perfection, and yet not be in the least like her, if Nature had not helped out the copy with an appropriate gift of beauty. Happily, such is the dower of Phyllis; and it is a compliment to both the young ladies to say they look and act alike.

The Countess von Hatzfeldt, who is rather unusually comely and graceful, as Harlem countesses go, exhibited great fortitude in renouncing a visit to Buckingham Palace, London, during the late jubilee season, in order that she might keep her professional engagement at the Casino roof-garden. *Noblesse oblige.*

That familiar bacchanalian extravaganza, "The Isle of Champagne," will have the effervescent "Al" Hart as its leading comedian this season. Mr. Hart has a continental reputation, and a pleasing flizz-iognomy.



"Lonigan came out of the smoking-car with Snip Whilkens, with the hand-cuffs on him and looking very crestfallen and sheepish."

LONIGAN, CHIEF OF POLICE.

By WARREN McVEIGH.

LONIGAN was the chief-of-police of the great and flourishing town of Boulder, Arizona. He was no ordinary man, either in appearance or in deeds. He was over six feet five inches tall, about as thick through the chest as he was through the legs, and his legs were nothing to speak of. He weighed, in fact, at the least, ninety-five or one hundred pounds. Lonigan never owned a horse, but he had a racing burro, Nancy Hanks, and when the burro got tired Lonigan had but to put his feet down on the ground and carry the burro along under him until he was rested.

Lonigan had never had much chance to prove what his merits as a policeman were, in Boulder, for an ordinance was passed the very first thing that, to insure the growth of the town, no shooting would be tolerated by the community. The male population was not very large. We all had the welfare of the town at heart, and it would not do to kill off our own population. It was therefore generally understood that murder, justifiable or not, meant lynching.

Lonigan's duties, therefore, up to the time of which I am about to write, consisted merely of keeping the dogs off the grass, which, it was understood, would grow in our plaza if it had half a chance. Every morning at eight o'clock Lonigan would assemble at police headquarters, an elegant room in the capacious town-hall, call the roll—which didn't take long, for Lonigan was the whole police force—and then he would go to work.

Lonigan thirsted for glory. He would tell us of his great deeds, and any one with half an ear could understand how much Lonigan was anxious for a good murder mystery. And finally the desired opportunity came along. Snip Whilkens shot and instantly killed Bud Gaylord. Snip did not wait long to get out of town. Half an hour after the murder was committed he was nowhere to be found.

The chief of police was on the ground at once. He asked a great many questions, and examined the blood-stains with a small magnifying-glass. He shook his head a great many times, and by not telling any one what he thought about it all, naturally created a good impression. An half-hour's examination and cross-examination convinced him that he knew all about the murder.

"Snip done it," he declared, finally, to the crowd.

"You darned old fool," said Tom Gable, "we knew that half an hour ago."

"Leave him alone," said Cross, the newspaper man. "Every man on a jury knows that a murder has been committed, but

has to sit for weeks and find it out. He's done the jury work in half an hour."

"I'll catch him," said the chief. Then he called to Manuel, his servant, to bring Nancy Hanks around.

Nancy, all saddled and ready for a long trip, was trotted out, and the chief took a reef in his legs and mounted his steed.

"If I send for anything," he said, "let me have it at once. Depend upon me. I didn't find out who stole that leak in the gas-pipe at Texarkana for nothing."

Then he kicked Nancy in the ribs and rode off in a cloud of dust. We cheered him to the echo, and he disappeared over the desert to the southeast.

That was the last we saw or heard of him for a week. Gaylord had been buried with military honors, and Boulder had almost forgotten all about his murder and the chief of police, the first birth having come along about that time to give us a fresh excitement to talk about. In fact, we had just about decided that the lion Lonigan and the lamb Whilkens had lain down together, and that the lion had awakened on the wrong side of the lamb, when one fine day we received a telegram from him. The telegram was dated Arcadia, Texas, and read:

"Send down the cannon to me by express, at once."

The cannon was one of Boulder's institutions. It had once belonged at Fort Marcy, in New Mexico, where it had done some service against the Indians. The cannon stood in front of the new court-house, and on the Fourth of July played a star part in our celebrations. We could not imagine what Lonigan could possibly want with it, but as it was the middle of the winter season, the Fourth of July some six months off, and the Apaches at peace with the surrounding country, we decided to send it to Lonigan, and the next day the whole town saw it off on the express-train, bound for Arcadia, Texas.

A week passed, and then we got another telegram from Lonigan. It read:

"I've got him, and will arrive on the 6:30 train to night."

A great cheer rent the air, and Judge Breeden was at once elected chairman of the vigilance committee. Tom Gable, the undertaker, had already made the coffin, and so all we had to do was to wait for Lonigan. While waiting we held a meeting and decided that as it was winter-time and not much going on we would postpone the trial of the murderer and his execution until some later day, as the arrival of Lonigan and the story

he would certainly have to tell about the capture would undoubtedly furnish enough excitement and interest for a day or so, and we couldn't afford to waste all our material for amusement too early in the season.

The whole male population of Boulder was at the station when the 6:30 o'clock train came puffing in, and there was the wildest sort of excitement when Lonigan came out of the smoking-car with Snip Whilkens, with the hand-cuffs on him and looking very crestfallen and sheepish.

The cannon and the part it had undoubtedly played in the capture interested us most, however, and so we all cried out, "Where's the cannon?" crowding around the chief of police and his prisoner.

"On the baggage-car," cried Lonigan, with a grin.

"What did you want with it?" asked Doc Sloan.

"Wait until I've got my man locked up and I'll meet you at the Free-for-All and tell you," replied the chief.

The chief took his man off, locked him up, and in ten minutes was at the Free-for-All.

"I followed him up," said he, "until I reached Arcadia. Then I lost all track of him. He had been in town only the night before, but had left ahead of me, cutting out over the country before I reached there."

"The country was hard. There wasn't a track to be found. I was at my wits' end."

"Then I happened to pick up a paper and read of those rain-making fellows. Rain-making is all very good in summer, but it was winter-time, you know, and I didn't think much about rain-making, until suddenly I had an idea. If they could make rain, why shouldn't I make snow? I thought, and so I got to work. I hunted everywhere for a cannon, but couldn't find one. Then I sent up to you for ours, which I knew you would not be using right at present. By the time the cannon reached me my man had been found by me, but had disappeared again. But I had him, for I knew he was in the country near by, so I loaded the cannon and fired it up into the air. I fired it a dozen times, and in half an hour there was the greatest snow-storm you ever heard of going on. It snowed all day and all night."

"Then it was all dead easy. I found tracks in less than no time, and before night of the next day I had my gun on Snip's forehead and the cuffs on his hands."

From which it can be easily seen that my statement to the effect that Lonigan was no ordinary man in deeds does not lack substantiation.



WALKING UP A STEEP HILL.

The Theories of Muldoon.

MR. WILLIAM MULDOON for many years, and until he voluntarily relinquished the title, was the champion wrestler of the world. A successful wrestler needs amazing strength, coupled with great agility; so long as he is active in his profession he also needs to be in the pink of condition, and therefore to keep in training. Mr. Muldoon has been in training for something like thirty years, and as he is a man of uncommon intelligence it is to be supposed that he must have a pretty good idea of the effect of training on men. Whether his ideas be good or bad, I am sure that they are very positive, and I know that he expresses them with entire freedom. He holds that the physical training of a man is a better thing for him in almost any contingency than anything else that can be done for him. Being very genuine in this belief, Mr. Muldoon, some six or seven years ago, opened an institution where men could be trained and licked into good physical condition. This institution is located at White Plains, in New York, where I recently had the pleasure and the profit of staying several days.

Mr. Muldoon was a cavalry officer during the Civil War, and afterwards for a time was in the regular army. It was while he was serving with his regiment in the West that the idea came to him that most men could be so built up by a regular and simple life and plenty of exercise that they were practically re-created. When the Rebellion had been suppressed the generality of men in the United States were pretty tired of soldiering, having had all they wanted of the glory of war. The recruits for the regular army, therefore, were pretty generally rather tough specimens of manhood—the flotsam and jetsam of humanity stranded by the tides of adversity. To Mr. Muldoon's regiment were sent, from time to time, many squads of these forlorn recruits. He had much to do with training them and putting them into some kind of soldierly shape. In this service he observed that these men, under the influence of regular exercise and simple but regular food, improved with great rapidity, and in a few months became fine men and good soldiers, instead of the worn outcasts who had enlisted in sheer desperation to escape starvation.

Then Mr. Muldoon began the development of the idea which

he is now practicing. If the wretched men who enlisted in the army could be put into excellent condition so easily through discipline and regularity of living, why could not most men who were suffering from over-work, dissipation and inactivity also be put into good condition and restored to good health? He saw no reason, and for something near to a quarter of a

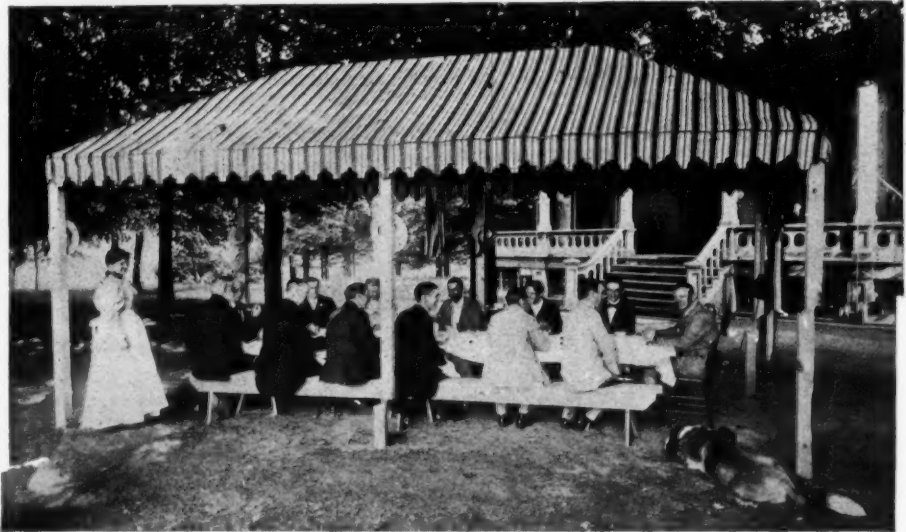
century he cherished the idea which has now taken practical shape. All business men and club men know of the immense numbers of young and middle-aged men who merely exist because they are entirely out of condition—this one being too fat, that one too thin, and another one much too nervous. These persons do not count themselves sick men, but they acknowledge to themselves now and again that they are far from well. On such occasions they consult a doctor, who tells them to ease up on whatever amusements they are doing the most damage—this one not to work so hard, that one not to drink so hard, and so on—and then he gives to each of his patients a tonic. Some improve, but most of them do not. If such as these consult Mr. Muldoon he gives practically the same prescription to all, for he maintains that health is normal and illness abnormal, and that all a man needs to get into his normal condition is to give himself a good, fair chance, assisting nature in a quite simple

way, but letting medicine go hang. Of course Mr. Muldoon would not prescribe his treatment for cancer or a broken leg, but invariably for obesity, leanness, and shattered nerves.

With this preliminary statement as to Mr. Muldoon's theories, I will endeavor to tell how he puts them into practice at White Plains. By way of preface, however, I beg that my readers who happen to meet any one who has taken the Muldoon course of treatment will listen to the tales of that person with well-curbed credulity, for your White Plains veteran can make up as tall yarns as any fisherman who ever had record-breaking luck. They tell of walks and rides, of boxing and bag-punching and ball-tossing, most discouraging in their severity. Now this is all nonsense, and I make no doubt that many a man has been kept away from Muldoon's because he feared that he would not be able to stand the hardships of the treatment. As a matter of fact, all of the exercises are regulated by the strength of the weakest of the patients. The walks which the romancers call six miles out and six back are never longer than four miles altogether; the rides never extend beyond twelve miles; no one need box who does not care for it, and the ball-tossing is a pleasant and exhilarating game, which is much enjoyed by those who participate in it. Any man under sixty-five can go through the course at Muldoon's without any suffering, and I do not hesitate to express the opinion that nine men out of ten would be immensely improved by it.

When a man goes to Muldoon's he is given to understand that he must live up to the rules of the establishment and obey all orders without question. Indeed, a man once under Muldoon's care is very much in the same situation as an enlisted man in the army, and the discipline is quite army-like in its character. One cardinal rule is old and unoriginal, for it reads: "Early to bed and early to rise." Lights are out at 9:30 in the evening, and the signal for getting up is never much later than half-past five.

The first thing in the morning is to put on exercising clothes—trunks, a sweater, and rubber-soled shoes. Then all of the patients go with Mr. Muldoon to a large room and for forty or sixty minutes they pass balls from one to the other. These balls are leather spheres, varying in diameter from six to thirty-



AT DINNER ON THE LAWN.

inches, and in weight from a quarter of a pound to ten pounds. A man does not know whether he is to receive a heavy or light ball, a large or a small one. He needs, therefore, to keep very alert, and the game gives him activity of both mind and body, training the eye as well as the muscles. This exercise warms up all of the players and they sweat like good fellows, and the fat



PASSING THE MEDICINE BALLS.

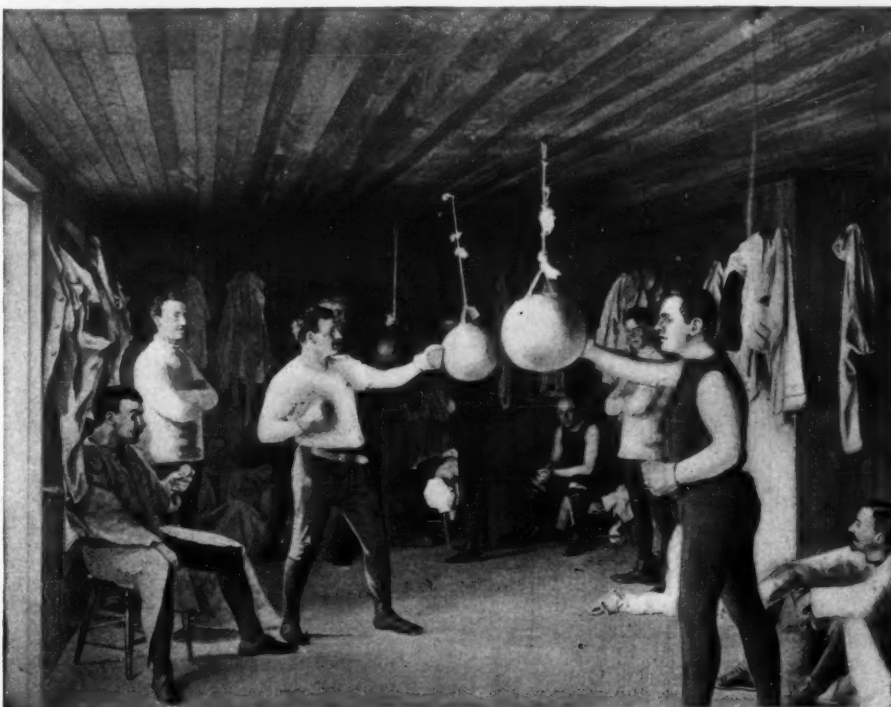
ones fairly lard the floor as they skip about in receiving and delivering the balls.

As soon as this is over each man puts on a heavy flannel gown and they all go to a room where a glass of hot water is given to each one. This is the only drink before breakfast, and to those who are addicted to soda-water or cocktails at that hour of the day it may seem very unsatisfying. As a matter of fact, it quenches the thirst in a very satisfactory manner. From this hot-water room the men are hurried into the bath and each gets a cold shower and each rubs himself off under the eye of Mr. Muldoon. All this is done as quickly as possible, so that no one will take cold. After the bath the men dress for breakfast, which is served at a quarter before eight. Breakfast is a plain but hearty meal—fruit, chops, bread, butter, and coffee, tea or milk. No water is served at any of the meals, and there is a rule that water must not be drunk except an hour before and an hour after eating. After a good deal of active exercise and after getting on the outside of two or three substantial chops, the desire to drink water comes inevitably.

When a meal has been finished three-quarters of an hour or so there is a pretty general consultation of watches, and when the hour is up every mother's son of them goes to the well for

a drink of water. No ice-water is served at Mr. Muldoon's.

An hour and a half after breakfast the party goes for a horseback ride or for a walk. These rides and walks differ from others only in the pace. The walk is not a stroll, but a



PUNCHING THE BAG.

good, brisk stepping ahead—three and a half miles to the hour. The ride also is brisk—a trot of a mile and a walk of a quarter of a mile. Ascending steep hills the party dismount, and,

each man leading his horse, they walk to the summit. This is good for both man and beast. Mr. Muldoon's horses, as a rule, are very fair saddle-animals, and very well trained, but now and then a horse becomes quite ruined by his inexperienced rider. A poor rider can ruin a good horse in a very short while, spoiling his mouth and breaking up his gait. But the Muldoon horses are a pretty good lot, looking well and behaving with much decency. I wish the white brute I rode could read, for I would send him a copy of this paper, and when he saw what I have just written he would think he felt hot coals falling on his obstinate head.

When the party returns from the morning outing a salt-water shower-bath is taken, and again a rub-down. When dry clothes have been put on it is almost time for dinner, which in the summer and when the weather permits is served on the lawn by the vivacious Leonie—the only woman in the establishment. Dinner is also a simple meal. Chops or steak, all seasonable vegetables and fruits, with a glass of beer or milk, and always an excellently-made salad, for which Mademoiselle Leonie has a very cunning hand. The fat men get neither potatoes, milk, nor beer. For the afternoon there is no regular programme. Sometimes there is bag-punching, sometimes they drive to the sound and take a swim, and sometimes they merely loaf. Supper is pretty nearly the same meal that breakfast and dinner were, and is served at seven o'clock, dinner having been at one. After each meal smokers are permitted one cigar or one pipe. Cigarettes are absolutely forbidden. When nine o'clock comes the men feel that they have had a long day, and they go off to bed, sure that that is the best place to be.

This may seem a very monotonous routine to follow day after day for six weeks, but I am assured, and I readily believe, that it is not so. Healthful occupation and exercise are pleasant in themselves, but to feel one's self getting stronger, sleeping better, and enjoying plain fare, are delightful sensations. The first few days at Muldoon's are likely to be trying, but before a week is over a man finds his place and his gait, and keeps both of them. The fat men get thin and strong, the thin men get plump and strong, the abnormal is cast out and the normal returns, and all are full of grateful admiration for the man who invented this sensible method for the rebuilding of the body and the restoration of health. Mr. Muldoon is himself the best possible advertisement of his institution.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

The Polar Quest.

UNCONQUERABLE, men venture on the quest
And seek an ocean amplitude unsailed,
Cold, virgin, awful. Scorning ease and rest,
And heedless of the heroes who have failed,
They face the ice floes with a dauntless zest.
The polar quest! Life's offer to the strong!
To pass beyond the pale, to do and dare,
Leaving a name that stirs us like a song.
And making captive some strange Otherwhere,
Though grim the conquest, and the labor long.

Forever courage kindles, faith moves forth
To find the mystic floodway of the North.

RICHARD BURTON.

Anton Seidl.

FOR the last ten years Anton Seidl has been one of the most conspicuous figures in the musical world. In 1885, on the death of Dr. Leopold Damrosch, the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House sent for Seidl to conduct the German opera, and he has since remained in New York, where he is a great favorite with the public, and where he has a warm circle of admirers. He returned to Europe for the first time last spring to take part in the season at Covent Garden, and won the enthusiastic praise of the London press for his conducting of Wagner. A still greater success awaited him at Bayreuth, where he received an ovation when "Parsifal" was given under his baton in July. Seidl is a Hungarian, and was born in Budapest in

gain weird and bizarre effects. Seidl conducted many rehearsals for the festival of 1876, at Bayreuth, and had charge of the music behind the scenes. When Wagner's operas were represented in Berlin, in 1881, the composer arranged to have Seidl conduct them. He made his first appearance in New York with "Lohengrin," and it was under his direction that "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan und Isolde," "Siegfried," "Die Götterdämmerung," and "Das Rheingold" were first produced in this country. In 1891 he succeeded Theodore Thomas as conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and in 1896 was again conductor of the German opera in New York.

Mr. Seidl has an attractive home in Sixty-second Street, near Park Avenue, which is handsomely furnished and bears evidence of its master's individual tastes and career. Portraits



The Logan Statue.

THE equestrian statue of Major-General John A. Logan was unveiled recently in Chicago. The statue is the work of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, and it is considered by all who have seen it to be a masterpiece. It is heroic in size and full of spirit and vigor.



ANTON SEIDL AT HOME.

1850, in which town he received his first musical education. In 1870 he entered the Leipzig Conservatory and remained there two years, after which he became the pupil of the famous Hans Richter, who was then in Budapest. Wagner, who was preparing for the great festival performance of the "Nibelungen Trilogy," wanted some help in making copies of his scores, and wrote to Richter to send him an efficient collaborator. This resulted in Seidl's going to Bayreuth, where he lived in Wagner's house from 1872 till 1877, studying the great music-dramas under the composer's tuition, working for and with him, and transposing many parts written for the peculiar instruments which Wagner is so fond of introducing to

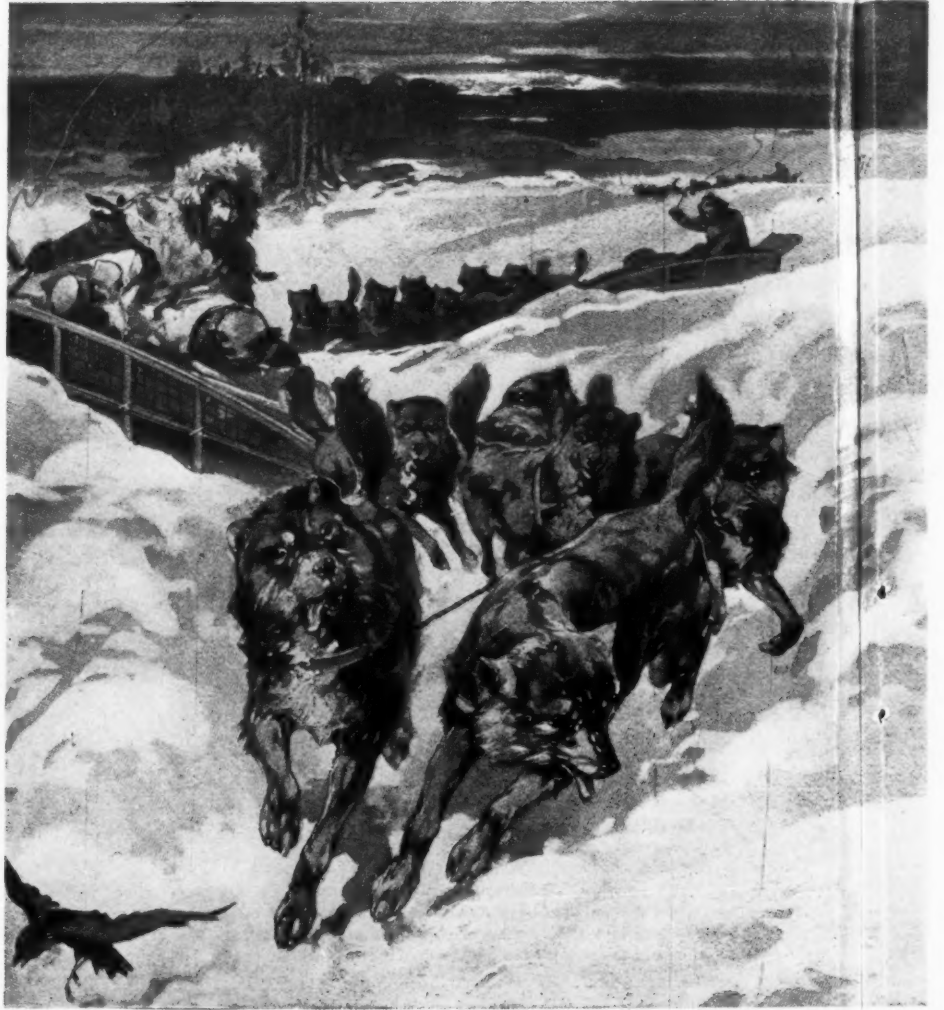
and busts of Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner occupy prominent places, and autograph pictures from famous men and women, batons, and silver loving-cups, presented to him on memorable occasions, and many other gifts, attest his popularity. The grand piano is always open, and there is a general feeling of hospitality and freedom in the house.

There is an element of *bonhomie* in Seidl, both as a man and as a musician, which in itself might account for his extensive popularity, personal and with the public. His concerts at Brighton Beach, the last two or three summers—and which at this moment would be continued under his baton at the Madison Square Garden, but for the European holiday necessitated by overwork—will be long remembered as perfectly ideal affairs of their kind. Wagner and Beethoven, Dvorak and Mascagni, Strauss, and the American composers of to-day, were drawn upon for programmes of such artistic symmetry and broad catholicity of taste, that all music-lovers were charmed.

The accompanying illustration shows the virtuoso conductor in one of his favorite corners at home, surrounded by the trophies of a concert. Mr. Seidl will return to New York in the autumn, and, although he will not conduct the opera, he will appear with his "Metropolitan Orchestra" in many concerts, which have already been arranged. ESTHER SINGLETON.



CANOEING DOWN AN ALASKAN STREAM.



A BIT OF "SMOOTH" SLEDGING WITH THE DOGS.



CROSSING A GLACIAL TORRENT WITH INDIAN GUIDES.

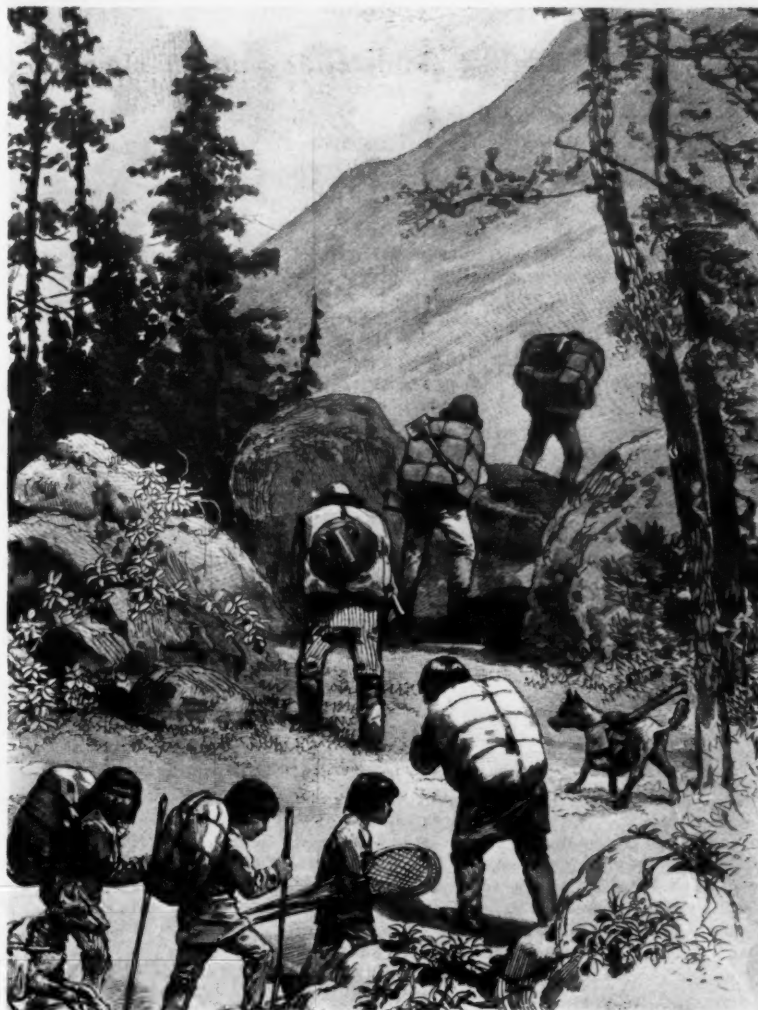
ALASKA'S PERILS BY LAND AND WATER—SOME OF THE OBSTACLES THAT BESET THE P

DRAWN BY DAN SMITH, A. C. REDWOOD, AND JOSE

There are two principal routes from the coast of Alaska to the Klondike gold-fields. The first is the water route, up the Yukon River, via St. Michael's—a distance of about three thousand miles, covered by the Chilkoot Pass, and then by a long succession of portages and water-ways to the Klondike. The distance



PACKERS FORDING A RIVER ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE.



THROUGH A MOUNTAIN PASS IN THE SUMMER SEASON.



RAFTING ON THE YUKON RIVER.

RESET THE PATH OF THE GOLD-SEEKER IN THE NEW EL DORADO OF THE NORTH.

A. C. REDWOOD, AND JOSEPH BECKER.

...e thousand miles, covered by steamer in from thirty-five to forty days. The Yukon is open to navigation only from June until September. The overland route from Juneau to Dawson City is over the Klondike. The distance is six hundred and fifty miles, and can be traversed within a month.

The Klondike Gold-fields and Alaskan Exploration.

KLONDIKE is the magic word that has thrilled first Seattle, then the entire United States, and finally the whole civilized world. It stands for millions of gold, and is a synonym for the advancement, after unspeakable suffering, of hundreds of miners from poverty to affluence in the brief period of a few months.

In the thousands of prospectors now setting out towards the gold-fields of the North, Klondike pictures over again the rush to California, to Cassiar, or to the Cariboo.

For some years past—in fact, since the *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* exploring expedition, headed by Messrs. Glave, Wells, and Schanz, in 1891-92—the country has been prepared for great things from the Yukon basin. Year by year men have returned to Seattle from the Arctic gold-fields, bringing modest fortunes, the fruit of hard labor and in many instances of starvation near unto

death, and the people of the Pacific Northwest have listened to stories of wealth wrested from Alaska's soil. But not even Seattle was prepared for the reports of untold millions, and her citizens heard with amazement the stories brought by the steamer *Portland* from the Klondike.

More than a ton of gold, valued at a million and a quarter of

dollars, was the cargo brought by the *Portland*. The treasure was the property of sixty-eight miners, each of whom less than a year previously had been a *chee-chaco* (new-comer) in the El Dorado. These men carried down the gang-plank of the *Portland* gold in sacks, valises, blankets, baskets, and boxes. When the people saw this treasure they were seized with a fever of excitement. The successful miners, many of them citizens of Seattle, whose veracity could not be questioned, told of unlimited treasure left behind; and amazement was changed to a feeling

of conviction that the new gold-fields of the North were the greatest the world had ever known.

The first day's news was electrical. On the streets of Seattle there was hardly standing-room, and among the throngs "Klondike" was the word spoken oftener than any other. The newspaper offices were thronged, and at the headquarters of the

North American Transportation and Trading Company crowds of men surged like the sea. There were professional men, business men, and laborers, all imbued with the one idea of going north at the earliest possible moment. This condition still prevails. When the first steamer sailed she had on board men who had stood on the wharf all night long for fear that the boat would leave without them, and the passengers who gazed out at the receding hills of Seattle waved a farewell to thousands on shore.

There are two routes into the Yukon valley. One is known

as the river route, the other as the overland. By the river route the passenger takes a steamer from Seattle to St. Michael's, at the mouth of the Yukon, twenty-five hundred miles away. At St. Michael's he is transferred to a river steamer for Circle City, another voyage of twenty-five hundred miles. The journey from Seattle, under favorable conditions, requires about thirty-five days. By the overland route one takes the inside passage from Seattle, via Juneau, to Dyea, a distance of about seven hundred miles. Here begin the difficulty and hardship of

the trip. A precipitous divide must be crossed, and all provisions packed for a distance of twenty-four miles. This brings the argonaut to Lake Linderman, where he whip-saws lumber to make a boat or a raft. Thence the journey is down perilous waters into the Yukon. In transporting supplies by the overland route, dogs are extremely useful, and in the past two years the demand at Seattle has become so great that a strong animal brings a fancy price. A good dog-team in the interior is valued at three hundred dollars.

The Klondike district is in the Northwest Territory, just east of the international boundary-line. Gold was discovered in paying quantities by George Carmack in September, 1896, and in a few weeks occurred a tremendous rush into the new diggings. Before winter set in three hundred claims had been located, and miners were preparing the rich soil for the sluice-box. In the spring, when water came, gold was washed out by the thousands of dollars, four pans going as high as two thousand dollars, and single nuggets often as high as two hundred and forty dollars. Some men made money at the rate of seventeen dollars a minute, and fortunes as large as one hundred thousand dollars were made in two months, although the miners had only begun work on their claims.

From statements made by the few miners who have come out, and from letters written by reputable men in the Klondike, it is estimated that the yield of the district for the present season will fall not far short of seventeen millions of dollars. Of this yield seven hundred thousand dollars has been delivered at San Francisco, one million and a quarter at Seattle, and two millions is at St. Michael's, awaiting shipment. The steamer *Portland* is due at Seattle, on her last trip from the Yukon this season, August 22d, and it is confidently expected that she will bring about seventeen millions of dollars. When that time comes, the Yukoners say, there will be such an excitement over gold as will make the present fever appear of no consequence. They predict that when the entire truth about the Klondike and

a lively interest in the work, and in consideration of the geographical results to be obtained, took charge of the transportation of the explorers to Alaska, and furnished them with the elaborate outfit of instruments essential in a preliminary survey. The Arkell exploring party, therefore, when it left San Francisco, April 10th, 1890, on the Coast Survey vessel *Patterson*, did so under the most favorable of auspices. And the good augury of its outset was fully sustained by its achievements and safe return a year later.

By the separation of the three officers, and the consequent organization of three distinct parties, immense tracts of territory were covered by these explorers, which had never before, and have not since, been reached. The accompanying map is republished merely to show the actual routes taken by the members of the expedition, and to convey some impression of the immense distances traversed. The route taken by Mr. Schanz, for example, covered no less than four thousand five hundred miles on the main land of our Arctic province.

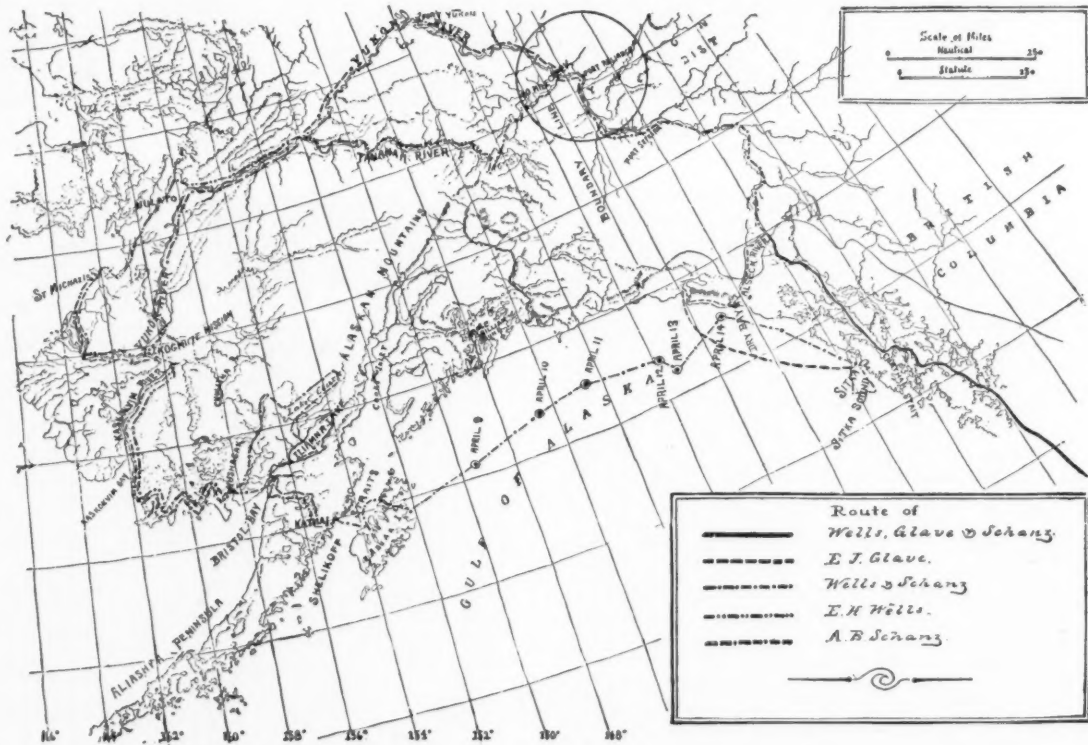
The following summary of *personnel* and results, chronologically arranged, will give a clear idea of the original plan and scope of the Arkell expedition of 1890, and of the subsequent organizations and routes of the different officers, with their results:

"*First organization of main body*—E. J. Glave, correspondent and artist; E. H. Wells, of Cincinnati, correspondent and photographer; A. B. Schanz, of New York, correspondent, historian, and astronomer; Franklin B. Price and John Dalton, of San Francisco, helpers; thirty Chilkat natives. May 4th to June 8th, 1890. Results: Exploration of Chilkat valley and of the head-waters of the Yukon; discovery of Leslie and Knapp glaciers, Leslie Pass, the Seer-kwet River, and Lakes Maud and Arkell.

"*First Division*—E. J. Glave and John Dalton, afterward joined by Gunena Indians. June 8th. Results: Exploration of head-waters of the Alsek River; descent of that stream; determination of its outlet into Dry Bay, southeastern Alaska.

"*Second organization of main body*—E. H. Wells, A. B. Schanz, F. B. Price, and Indiann, a Chilkat native. June 8th to June 22d, 1890. Results: Concluded survey of Lake Arkell; descent and survey of the Taha River; descent of the Yukon by raft to Forty-mile Creek.

"*Second Division, first organization*—E. H. Wells, F. B. Price, F. H.



OUTLINE MAP OF ALASKA, SHOWING THE ROUTES OF THE EXPLORERS IN THE ARKELL EXPEDITION, 1890-91.

the Yukon basin is known, the entire civilized world will stand amazed.

The basin of the great Yukon River will now shortly become one of the best-described regions on the face of the globe. Yet it was only six years ago, upon the return of the *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* exploring expeditions, headed by Messrs. E. J. Glave, A. B. Schanz, and E. H. Wells, that the first scientific and illustrated account of the territory, including the present newly-found El Dorado on the Klondike River or creek (a small tributary to the Yukon) was given to the world's geography. At that date Mr. Schanz wrote: "Of no other country on earth is so little known that is true, and so much said that is untrue, as of our great Arctic Territory, Alaska. Through the efforts of such individuals as have been happily characterized as 'parlor explorers,' encouraged by the natural or acquired mendacity of frontiersmen and miners, the public's mind has been crammed full of misinformation; and the lack of consistency in the yarns which have been published has made it difficult for the average reader to decide whom and what to believe. I am therefore no longer surprised when a person receives with doubt the statements that the most of Alaska is covered with a dense primeval forest; that the ice runs out of the rivers in spring; that it is even uncomfortably hot in summer-time; that a traveler there is liable to be eaten up by mosquitoes rather than by polar bears; and that the site of old Fort Yukon, in the Arctic zone, is at the present moment (June, 1891) a perfect tangle of white roses."

It was for the purpose of acquiring accurate information about Alaska, and of transmitting to the readers of *LESLIE'S* such knowledge as might be obtained, that Mr. W. J. Arkell, early in the year 1890, conceived the idea of sending a thoroughly equipped expedition into that *terra incognita*. The plan was at once developed, the *personnel* of the exploring party carefully selected and secured. Its chief member and leader was that intrepid and already famous young pathfinder, E. J. Glave, who had been one of Stanley's pioneer officers in Africa—in which dark continent he was destined to lose his life in a subsequent expedition. The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey took

DeHaas, Indiann. June 22d to September 18th, 1890. Results: Ascent of Forty-mile Creek; portage to Tananah River; descent of that stream to its mouth; descent of the Yukon to Nulato; portage Nulato to Behring Sea and St. Michael's.

"*Third Division, first organization*—A. B. Schanz and James A. French, volunteer. August 13th to September 8th, 1890. Results: Descent of the Yukon from Forty-mile Creek to St. Michael's on Behring Sea.

"*Third Division, second organization*—A. B. Schanz, William C. Greenfield, volunteer, and Esquimaux. September 8th to October 10th, 1890. Results: Bidarka (skin canoe) trip from St. Michael's to Ikogmut Mission on the Yukon; portage to the Kaskokvim River; descent of that stream; further portages and coasting along east shore of Behring Sea to Nushagak on Bristol Bay.

"*Second Division, second organization*—E. H. Wells, F. B. Price, Indiann, and Esquimaux. September 22d to November 12th, 1890. Results same as those of previous paragraph, Mr. Wells having followed Mr. Schanz on his route.

"*Second Division, third organization*—E. H. Wells, F. B. Price, Indiann, two Nushagak Scandinavians, Esquimaux, and three dog teams. January 28th to February 14th, 1891. Results: Crossing of Aliahka peninsula from Nushagak to Katmai on Shelikoff straits.

"*Third Division, third organization*—A. B. Schanz, John W. Clark, and Innokente Shishkin, volunteers, nine Esquimaux, and three dog teams. January 28th to February 25th, 1891. Results: Ascent of Nushagak, Mulchutna, and Kokhtull rivers; portage to and discovery of head of Chulitna River; descent of that stream; discovery of Lake Clark and of the Noghelin River; crossing of Lake Ilamna on the ice; descent of the Kwichagak River to Bristol Bay.

"*Third Division, fourth organization*—A. B. Schanz and five Esquimaux. Two dog teams. February 26th to March 8th, 1891. Results: Crossing of Aliahka peninsula to Katmai—same route as that of Mr. Wells."

As the map shows, the routes of Messrs. Schanz and Wells took them directly through what are now the Klondike fields, and the stream subsequently so named figures on their map. Their investigations of gold and gold-mining, however, were made principally at Forty-mile Creek, a little further down the Yukon. In his summary of Alaska's resources and possibilities, upon his return from that Territory, Mr. Schanz had this to say:

"That Alaska has vast mineral resources cannot be doubted, although the many placer-miners who are washing gold on Forty-mile Creek are not having the greatest results. The chief complaint as to the gold seems to be that there are insurmountable technical difficulties in saving it. This fact has become known through our expedition, and has already caused a Californian inventor of a gold-saving machine to open negotiations for operating his apparatus in Alaska. The other trouble, the shortness of the season, is really no obstacle at all, because the continual daylight of the summer months would allow the use of double gangs of miners. In almost every river of the Territory there is plenty of black sand, and a 'color' may be obtained anywhere. Facilitated communication with the outer world, and the investment of a fair capital, would make a success not only of gold, but also of copper and quicksilver mining."

Mr. Schanz to-day recalls the fact that Messrs. Glave and Dalton explored the present gold district in August, 1890, and again in the spring of 1891, following up in their second visit the indications they had found the previous year. It was the intention of the entire expedition to follow up all claims, but the commission of Mr. Glave to go to Africa for the *Century Magazine*, and the ensuing death of the young explorer, put an end to the Alaskan project of reorganization. Mr. Schanz also reiterates the undisputed claim of the Arkell explorers of 1890-91 to all credit for discoveries in the Lake Clark district of southwestern Alaska. "I expect one of these days," he says, "that the ancient King Solomon's mines will sink into insignificance when the golden story of the Lake Clark district is revealed."

HENRY TYRRELL.

The New El Dorado at Klondike.

It is a matter of vital importance to determine whether the gold discoveries in Alaska are going to mark an epoch, as the discoveries in California and Australia did fifty years ago, or whether they are going to be a flash in the pan, like the transitory booms at White Pine and Frazer's River; for nothing would revive business so quickly as the addition of a large quantity of gold to the world's stock, and the transfer of speculation and enterprise from South Africa to the extreme northern portion of this continent.

Thirty years ago gold was known to exist in the beds of the streams which empty into the Yukon. Schwatka met, in 1883, miners who were prospecting those streams all the way from the mouth of the Pelly to the mouth of the Porcupine. He made acquaintance with the *voyageur* Jo. Ladue, who is said to have founded Dawson City; he was digging holes perseveringly, without finding much in them. He heard of McQuestin, who had been prospecting for a quarter of a century, with very modest results. Dr. Dall, of the Smithsonian, who was director of the scientific branch of the expedition sent to Alaska in 1869 by the Western Union Company, made the acquaintance of miners who at that early day were spending their time in digging for gold, and on subsequent visits he saw results which satisfied him that the precious metal was generally to be found in larger or smaller quantities in the dirt under the gravel in the beds of streams which flow from the mountains into the Yukon.

These streams, cutting through the quartz veins in the mountain-sides, wash out the gold and carry the mud and mineral matter down into the valley of the Yukon. Their water, mingled with alluvial matter, flows into the river, but the gold falls to the rough bed of the streams and is detained there. In winter the springs freeze and the streams dry up; the gold is then found under a layer of frozen gravel. The miner sinks shafts—often no deeper than ten or twelve feet—till he strikes the layer of pay dirt, which is frozen solid; on this he builds a fire of logs, and thaws it out sufficiently to pick off chunks in a half-frozen condition. Hoisted to the surface, the chunks are pulverized by blows of pick or shovel, are washed in a cradle, and searched for nuggets. The fine gold is mostly lost, as there is no machinery for saving it. Instead of flumes for washing, the miner relies upon the torrents which rush down the mountain-sides and fill the beds of the streams when the snow melts. Thus the mining season lasts for seven or eight months, from October to May.

The experience of Clarence Berry, whose family is well known here, is that of most of the successful gold-seekers. Having to find his fortune somewhere, Berry left San Francisco with his bride on March 20th, 1896, and arrived at Forty-mile—which was then the leading mining-camp on the Yukon—on June 4th. The journey overland, from Juneau to the diggings, took him two months. When he arrived at his destination he found little gold and less food. Fortunately, he had supplied himself with twelve months' provisions at Juneau. Leaving Forty-mile via the camp at Dawson, he was lucky enough to strike gold in the very first location he made; he hired four men to work for him, and, as his profits swelled, he increased his force to twenty-five. These he paid at the rate of ten dollars a day at first, but they struck, and, with the other mine-owners, he compromised on fifteen dollars a day. He could afford it, for one of his claims yielded last season ten thousand dollars in good-sized nuggets, besides coarse gold. Mr. Berry gives utterance to hard truths which are not encouraging for reckless gold-seekers. He says: "It is too late for people to talk of going to Klondike this season. They should not leave here till next March, and then they should take a year's provisions. There is a chance that a man may remain there several years without finding anything, and all the time he is in danger of starvation."

Mr. Berry took his wife with him, and her story is interesting. She describes the journey from Juneau to the diggings, over snow and ice and through lake and river, as one which she will never forget. The accommodations for a woman were the best that could be had, but they were very poor. "We carried with us a tent and stove; the former we pitched every night on a spot where the snow was hard. Our beds were made of boughs. I was given a bear-skin, which added much to my comfort. During the journey I was strapped to the sled or boat, which was better than walking; but it was cold, very cold. On reaching Lake Labarge we found that the ice was broken in the daytime, but at night the lake surface was covered with a sheet of ice on which travel was possible. I lay

down and fell asleep and during the night we crossed the lake. When I awoke in the morning we were thirty-six miles farther on our journey. When the lakes and rivers are filled with broken ice the journey is particularly hazardous for women. Few of them are able to stand the hardships and dangers. At the mining-camp, fifteen miles from Dawson City, I found the house in which I had to spend the winter without door or windows, and utterly unfit for a woman to inhabit. Mr. Berry had to cut a hole in the wall to get the stove in. But I forgot all our troubles when we began to find gold and saw our way to independence. I shall never forget the day when, with my own fingers, I dug a nugget worth two hundred and thirty-one dollars out of the dirt.

"Women who come to Alaska should provide themselves with the warmest clothing possible. I carried with me four suits of extra-heavy flannel under-clothing and stockings. One's foot-gear should be a matter of the utmost care. I wore heavy woolen stockings all the time, and no others would have answered. The food we had was rough, but it was palatable, and that was what we expected. Last winter we had some fresh meat, but that was most unusual."

If the adventurers take the Juneau route they will land at the most available point in Lynn Channel and ascend the Chilkoot River to the Dyea. The country is Alpine; the mountains are clothed with a dense growth of spruce, which is the dwelling-place of brown and black bears. The stream is ascended by canoes and rafts, which carry freight and are hauled by ropes in the hands of men walking on the bank. Where the streams cease to be navigable the cargoes are landed and divided into parcels weighing forty or fifty pounds each, for transportation, on the backs of Indians, across the pass. An Indian will carry one hundred pounds, and for his trip, which may last a week or ten days, he will expect ten or fifteen dollars. Travelers who have made the trip describe it as a terrible scramble up and down hill, over huge trunks and bristling limbs of fallen timber too far apart to leap from one to the other, while between them a boggy swamp lies in wait for the traveler who loses his footing. Here and there the trail is cut by long, high ridges of rough trachyte, and boulders which will twist the ankle and cut the shoe.

At places the ascent is broken by level plateaus, which for nine or ten months of the year are covered with snow, sometimes hard and treacherous, apt to give way unexpectedly under the foot; sometimes so soft that it must be crossed on snow-shoes. The charm of travel on these elevations is that it almost always blows there, and the snow generally drifts, so that when the voyager descends the pass on the eastern side, and gets into the region of bog and morass, he is not quite sure whether he ought not to thank Providence.

Happily, he reaches at last a spot where the mud ends and clear water begins. This is Lake Linderman, a fishless pond, ten miles long and a mile and a half wide, over which home-made boats and rafts ferry the traveler to its outlet and to other lakes. It is like Venice; you can go from any one point to any other by land or by water. The string of lakes is endless; Lake Bennett, Lake Labarge, Lake Nares, Lake Taheo, Lake Bove, Lake Marsh, and so on—all opening into each other, and one or more of them opening into the great Yukon, as it starts on its race to the spot where it receives the Pelly in its bosom, and washes the ruins of the fort which was named after Lord Selkirk.

The adventurer who takes this route to the diggings must expect—like the man who went down to the sea in ships—to see the wonders of the Lord before he gets through with his navigation. The distance from the head-waters of the river to the gold-camps is not great—four or five hundred miles; but the vessels on which travelers are carried are primitive—an honest raft is best, because on that you are in the water all the time, and nothing worse can happen to you; the stream is shallow, and sand and mud-bars are frequent and shifting. At first there is a pleasant excitement in being summoned to jump overboard and shove off a grounded craft; but diversions of this kind become monotonous at last, and pleasant memories of days when you had dry feet for several consecutive hours recur to the mind.

There is a cañon on the Yukon, and though it is not as formidable as the cañon on the Colorado, it is, as the boys say, "no slouch." The great river narrows to forty feet in width. On either side huge basaltic cliffs rise to heaven, and their tops are crowned with forests of spruce which throw their branches across the stream like a roof and give the foaming river beneath the appearance of a dark, cavernous passage, into which no ray of sunlight ever enters. The Yukon enters this chasm with a roar like thunder, and races through it with a velocity which seems to the frightened traveler as swift as lightning. If a vessel should strike one of the boulders with which the bed of the defile is strewn, the crew would go to visit the mermaids—if there are such charming creatures in Alaska—and the timbers of the craft would be carefully stowed away for fuel at the mining-camps. But, in the words of a returned miner, "I don't mind the risks and dangers of the trip; but when I think of the mosquitoes I don't believe I'll ever visit Klondike again."

This generation of men has witnessed three great mining booms. One was in California and Nevada; another was in Australia; a third was in South Africa. Of all three it may be observed that the pursuit of gold was unattended with abnormal difficulties, or with any perils more severe than those which accompany exposure to the weather and loose life everywhere. There never was a time, in the placer-days of the Sierras, or in the heyday of Mount Davidson, or at the diggings at Ballarat, or on the Rand at Johannesburg, when miners ran risk of dying from hunger or cold. That risk they run on the upper Yukon. The country produces no food, not even game. Every pound of victual must be brought in from outside, and the means of transportation are so limited that it cannot be imported in large quantities. And there never has been a mining-camp—except perhaps, a few spots in Colorado—where the temperature was such that life could not be supported without artificial heat.

The coming camps on the upper Yukon—for there will be many of them, as every stream is as auriferous as the Klondike—lie between the parallels of fifty-five and sixty degrees north latitude, which, according to the isothermal charts, are the limits of the belt of extreme cold. For months together spirit thermometers will occasionally register forty and fifty degrees

below the zero of Fahrenheit, and a temperature of twenty below at mid-day will be common. If mining can be prosecuted by large bodies of men in such a locality people must be prepared to pay a higher price for riches than they ever have.

JOHN BONNER.

Information for Klondike Prospectors.

To those who contemplate seeking their fortunes in the Klondike, a few facts concerning the mining laws of that country may be of value.

The mining laws of British Columbia—and we presume that the same laws will be enforced on the Klondike—are much more elaborate and complete than those observed in our Western States. For instance, before a gold-seeker in the Klondike can even begin prospecting he must obtain from the Gold Commissioner, or mining recorder, what is termed a "free miner's certificate," for one or more years, the fee being five dollars for each year; and should he begin mining without this certificate, he is liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars and costs.

The miner's next step is the locating and recording of the claim he wishes to work. A placer claim must be, as nearly as possible, rectangular (one hundred feet square), and marked by four legal posts at the corners. Posts must be at least four inches square. One post must be marked "Initial post," and on that post a written notice must be placed stating name, length, and general direction of claim, the date of notice, and name of locator. All placer claims must be recorded in the mining recorder's office of the mining division in which such claims are situated within three days after location thereof, if within ten miles of the mining recorder's office; but one additional day is allowed for each additional ten miles. The recorder must be furnished with the following particulars in writing: Name of claim, name of locator, number of free miner's certificate, locality of claim, length in feet, period for which record is required, date of location. Placer claims may be recorded for one or more years on payment of fees—two dollars and fifty cents for each year. After the miner has located and recorded his claim, he, or some one on his behalf, must work it continuously during working hours; and if unworked on working days for a period of seventy-two hours, except during sickness or for some other reasonable cause, the claim will be considered abandoned and forfeited. Leave of absence for one year may, however, be obtained by any free miner, upon his proving to the Gold Commissioner an expenditure equal to one thousand dollars in cash, labor, or machinery on a claim, without any return of gold or other minerals in reasonable quantities. The usual form of location notice for a placer claim is as follows:

"Take notice that _____ have this day located this ground as a placer claim, to be known as the _____ Placer Claim, _____ feet in length."

"Dated _____"

The above are the most important laws relating to the location and recording of placer claims under Canadian law. There are many other minor regulations, relating to tunnels, drains, water-rights, etc., for which, however, we have no space at present.

Stately Homes on the Hudson.

To the associations of the historic Hudson River the element of "contemporaneous human interest" is accruing day by day. The stream, in fact, is becoming a veritable Klondike in this kind of richness. The Goulds and the Rockefellers, in the vicinity of Tarrytown, may be said to have set the pace, which is very lively all the way up to West Point. Then, there are Cornwall and Newburg, with their castled crags, on the west bank. North of Poughkeepsie we have Ellerslie, Governor Morton's superb place; Mr. Ogden Mills's new home at Staatsburg; Ferncliff, the country-seat of John Jacob Astor; Crumwold Farms, the estate of Colonel Archibald Rogers; and Carnwath, the splendid inheritance of Mr. Reginald Rives.

The new home of Frederick W. Vanderbilt, which is now approaching completion, will be one of the most picturesque and noticeable on the river, standing as it does on a high bluff overlooking the upper Hudson, and conspicuous for its Corinthian style of architecture. It is surrounded on all four sides with porticoes formed of lofty pillars, of which the capitals are models of Greek art. Every modern appliance of comfort and luxury will be found in the exterior and interior arrangements, and the six hundred acres of park, lawn, and garden will correspond in perfection of finish with the mansion that they surround.





TUB-RACE.



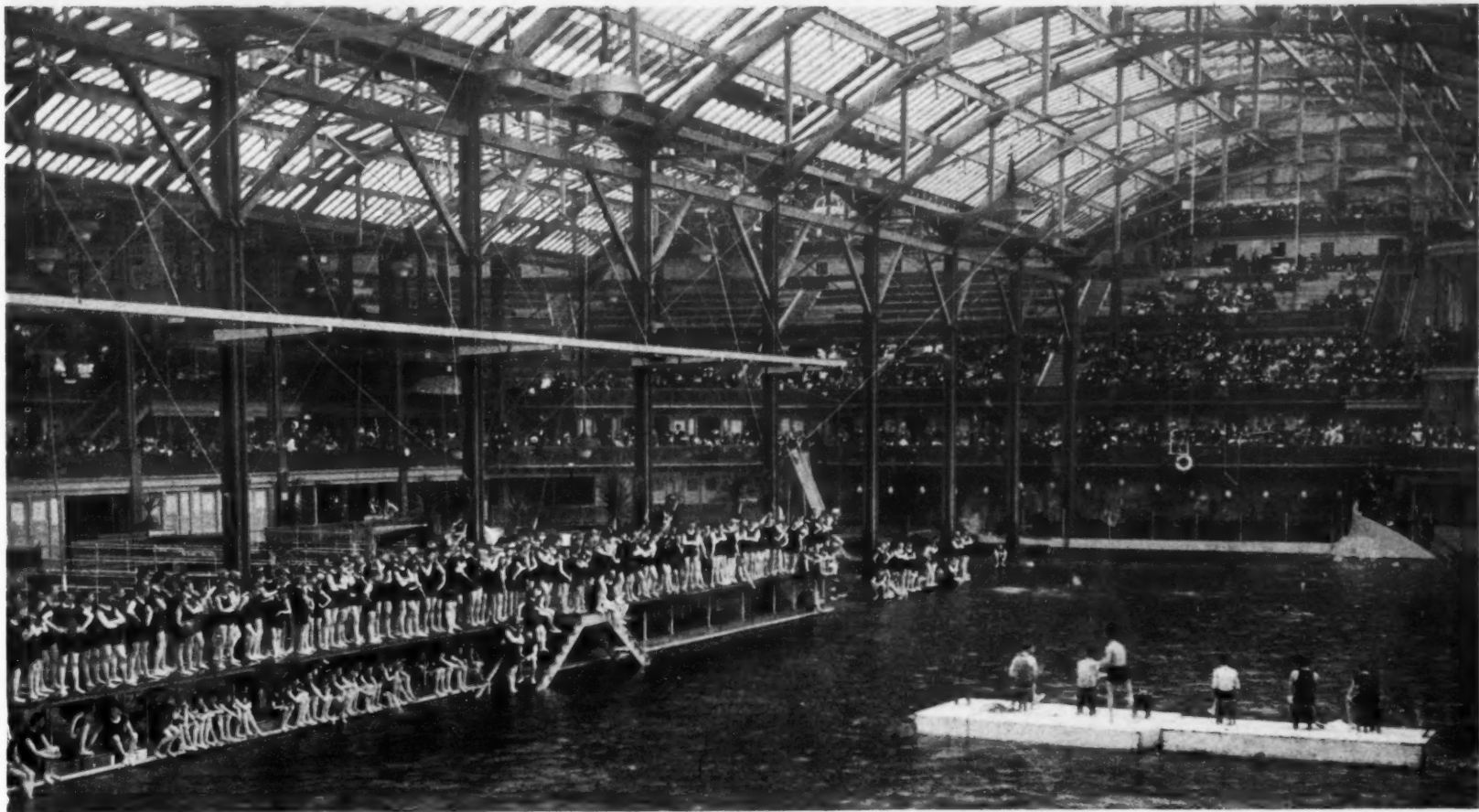
AN AFTERNOON GATHERING IN FRONT OF THE CLUB-HOUSE.



BASE-BALL IN THE WATER.

SUMMER-TIME SPORTS AND RECREATION AT THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.



Sutro Baths of San Francisco.

SITTING on a rock one day, in meditative mood, Adolph Sutro revolved within his fertile brain a plan to utilize the great power of the sea as it dashed in upon the rocky cliffs of the Pacific shore. The realization of that dream of ten years ago is seen to-day in a great structure of wood, iron, and glass that rises from the water's edge and terminates in three immense spans of light and airy form, but also of enduring strength.

The original site of Sutro Baths was a small cove on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, a little north of the Cliff House, and beyond the seal rocks, a locality familiar to all visitors to the Golden Gate. This inlet was of a sandy bottom, surrounded by rocky sides, and it then seemed ill adapted to the purposes for which it has since

been made available. A catch-basin was blasted out of the solid rock, twenty-eight thousand cubic yards having been removed, thus hewing out a reservoir just high enough to catch the lap of the waves dashing in from the open sea. With the waves of the ocean harnessed to his service, Mr. Sutro proceeded to rear the enormous superstructure that now incloses the largest swimming tanks in the world. From the catch-basin the water is conducted to a settling tank, from which, by numerous conduits, it is conveyed to the bathing-pools within the building.

Should the low tide of the summer months fail to fill the basin, an emergency pump, adjacent, has a capacity of six thousand gallons per minute.

The building rises from the beach in three successive altitudes, the entire interior being one, but roofed over by three spans of glass and iron, nearly three acres in area, and reared one above the other, as they recede from the sea. The western exposure alone has a surface view

of the ocean three hundred and fifty feet in length, the distance from the water-line in the swimming tanks to the western eaves of the roof being thirty-five feet. From the water-line on the western, or water side, to the lowest edge of the semi-circular roof farthest inland, on the east, the total height is one hundred and twenty-nine feet. The entire width of the building is two hundred and thirty-four feet.

Some idea of the gigantic size of this vast structure and of the immense quantity of material required for its construction may be gathered from the statistics of building-material used. For instance, the iron in the roof and its supporting columns weighed six hundred tons. The lumber alone reached an aggregate of three million five hundred thousand feet, while light and sunshine are admitted on all sides and from above through one hundred thousand superficial feet of glass, making the whole interior brilliant with the rosy hues of early dawn: illumining it at noontide from the flashing gleams that play upon the dancing

waves without its western wall. All of the buildings are protected on the western side by a breakwater four hundred feet long, twenty feet deep, twenty-five feet wide at the top, and seventy-five feet wide at the base. This contains four hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet of rock, and another extends, on the north side, from east to west, three hundred feet in length, seventy-five feet at the base, twenty-five feet at the top, with a depth of twenty feet; containing three hundred thousand cubic feet of rock. Any contingency of stormy weather would seem to have been provided for by these two breakwaters. Still, in case of a tidal wave, the windows of the ocean wall of the bath-house would all swing inward under an application of heavy pressure, and a series of panels beneath the window-glass are also made to open inward, so that the greatest quantity of water that a convulsion of nature might arouse would simply wash into the openings thus created, and the stability of the building remain unimpaired.

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11 POUNDS WEIGHT

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There are several species of trout new
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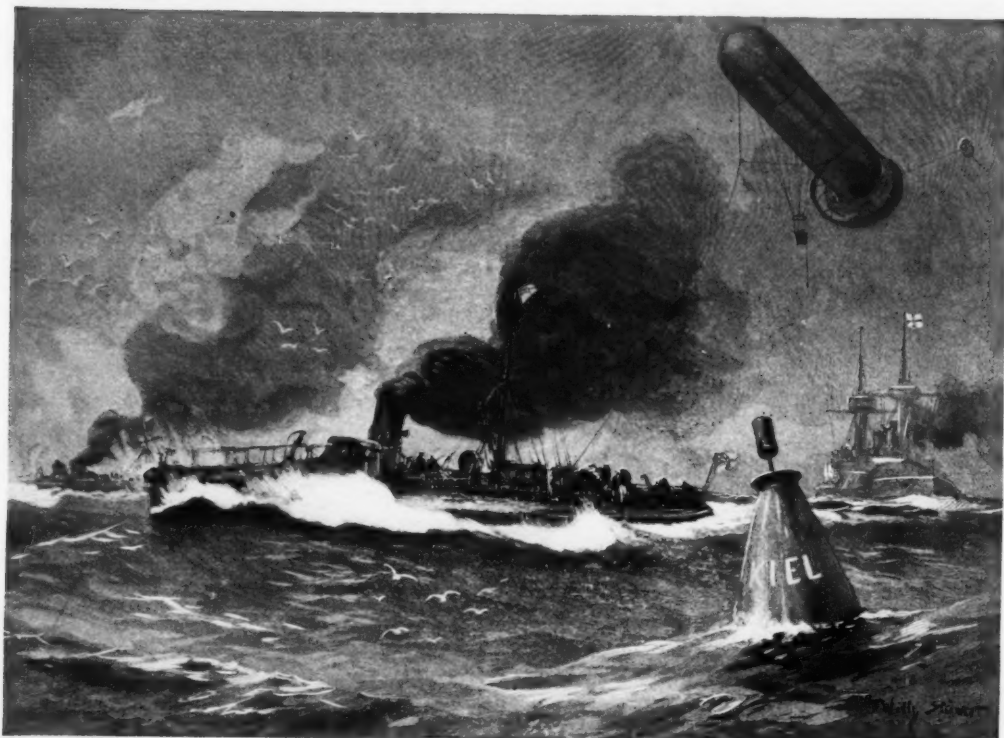
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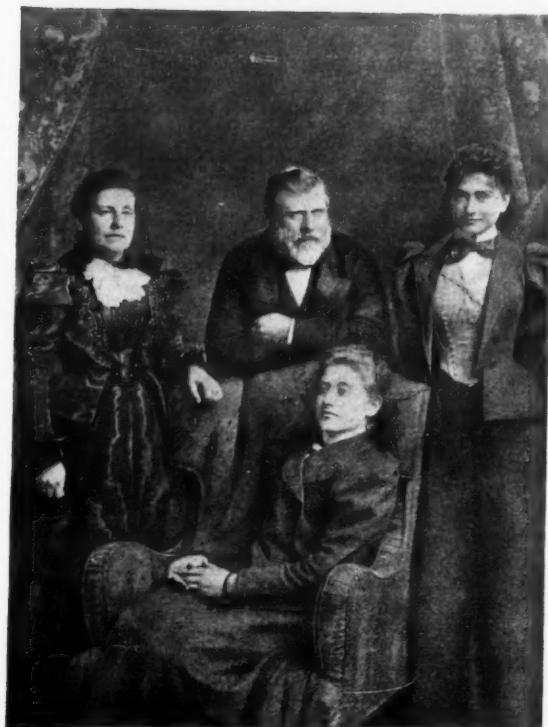
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It is a solid cake of scouring soap.
Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

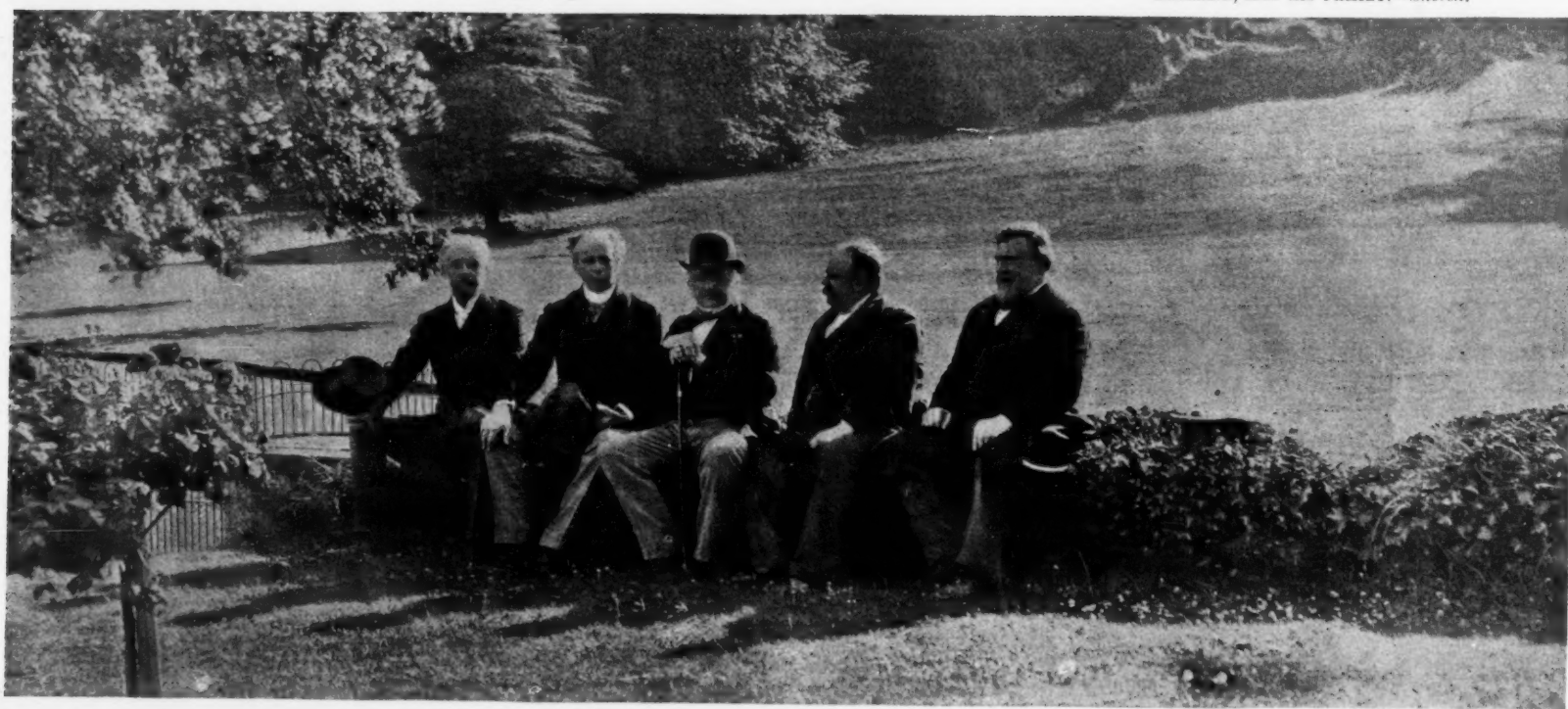
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GERMAN NAVAL MANŒUVRES—EXPERIMENTS WITH WAR-BALLOON IN CONJUNCTION WITH TORPEDO-BOATS.
Illustrirte Zeitung.



THE RIGHT HON. R. J. SEDDON, PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND, AND HIS FAMILY.—*Sketch.*



Sir Louis Davies. Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Mr. Gladstone. Mr. G. H. Reid. Mr. R. J. Seddon.
MR. GLADSTONE AND COLONIAL PREMIERS, AT HAWARDEN.—*Black and White.*



THE PRINCE OF WALES AS COLONEL OF THE TENTH HUSSARS.—*Sketch.*



KING CHULALONGKORN, OF SIAM, WITH HIS TWO SONS, ON A EUROPEAN TOUR.—*Black and White.*



MLLE. CLEO DE MÉRODE, THE CELEBRATED DANSEUSE OF THE PARIS OPÉRA.

IN A BOSTON SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

"Now, Edward Everett Sumner, will you please state your conception of heaven?" "It is," replied the young scholar, solemnly, "a place on the order of our great public library, with inferior ornamentalations."—*Judge.*

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is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT, BUFFALO.

HALF RATES VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

FOR the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Buffalo, August 23d, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special tickets from all points on its system to Buffalo and return at rate of a single fare for the round trip. These tickets will be sold and will be good going on August 21st to 23d, and good to return not earlier than August 24th nor later than August 31st, 1897.

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOURS VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.


THAT the public have come to recognize the fact that the best and most convenient method of pleasure travel is that presented by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours, is evidenced by the increasing popularity of these tours. Under this system the lowest rates are obtained for both transportation and hotel accommodation. An experienced tourist agent and chaperon accompany each tour to look after the comfort of the passenger.

The following tours have been arranged for the season of 1897:

To the north (including Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, and a daylight ride down through the Highlands of the Hudson) July 27th and August 17th. Rate, one hundred dollars for the round trip from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, covering all expenses of a two weeks' trip.

To Yellowstone Park on a special train of Pullman sleeping, compartment, and observation cars and dining car, allowing eight days in "Wonderland," September 2d. Rate, two hundred and thirty-five dollars from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; two hundred and thirty dollars from Pittsburgh.

Two ten-day tours to Gettysburg, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, Richmond, and Washington, September 28th and October 12th. Rate, sixty-five dollars from New York, sixty-three dollars from Philadelphia. Apply 1196 Broadway, New York.



Solid Trains TO all Points WEST

TALKING-MACHINE
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Forty Cents and this Coupon will buy you one
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Regular price Fifty Cents.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
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It's so easy to get a
cake and try it. If
you try it you'll use
it, that is, if you care
any-
thing
CONSTANTINE'S
for
clear,
white,
sweet skin, and
a complexion of
health.

Sold by druggists.

JURY NOTICE.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONERS OF JURORS IN
REGARD TO CLAIMS FOR EXEMPTION FROM
JURY DUTY.

Room 123, Stewart Building,
No. 280 Broadway, Third Floor.

New York, June 12th, 1897.
Claims for exemption from jury duty will be heard
by me daily at my office, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.

Those entitled to exemption are clergymen, lawyers,
physicians, surgeons, surgeon-dentists, professors or
teachers in a college, academy or public school; editors,
editorial writers or reporters of daily newspapers;
licensed pharmacists or pharmacists actually engaged
in their respective professions and not following any
other calling; policemen, police constables and firemen;
election officers; non-residents; and city employees and
United States employees; officers of vessels making regular
trips; licensed pilots actually following that calling;
superintendents, conductors and engineers of a railroad
company other than a street railroad company; tele-
graph operators actually doing duty as such; Grand,
Special, Sheriff's and Civil Court Jurors; and persons
physically incapable of performing jury duty by reason
of severe sickness, deafness or other physical disorder.
Those who have not answered as to their liability or
proved permanent exemption will receive a "jury
enrollment notice," requiring them to appear before me
this year. Whether liable or not, such notices must be
answered in person, if possible, and at this office only,
under severe penalties. If exempt, the party must bring
proof of exemption; if liable, he must also answer in
person, giving full and correct name, residence, etc.,
etc. No attention paid to letters.

All good citizens will aid the course of justice and
secure reliable and respectable juries and equalize their
duty by serving promptly when summoned, allowing
their clerks or subordinates to serve, reporting to me
any attempt at evasion, and suggesting names
for enrollment. Persons between twenty-one and sev-
enty years of age, summer absentees, persons tempo-
rarily ill and United States jurors are not exempt.
Every man must attend to his own notice. It is a mis-
deemeanor to give any jury paper to another to answer.
It is also punishable by fine or imprisonment to give or
receive any present or bribe, directly or indirectly, in
relation to a jury service, or to withhold any paper or
make any false statement, and every case will be fully
prosecuted.

WILLIAM PLIMLEY,
Commissioner of Jurors.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Want-
ed," Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, N. Y.

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THE LANGHAM Portland Place. Unrival-
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of all
drinks.



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Half-Pint Champagne

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Possesses a
flavor
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dryness
of its own.

I cordially recommend it as a pure
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Prof. of Chemistry and Physics,
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Served in all Restaurants, Hotels and Road-houses.
A. WERNER & CO., 52 Warren St., N. Y. City.

NOTICE. As a reliable guar-
antee that a Dress
or Mantle emanates directly
from one of the Chief Parisian
Dressmakers, and is the genuine
creation of the current season,
the Syndicate of the Parisian
Dressmakers has taken the fol-
lowing decision: "The waist-
band attached to such Garment
must bear the Official Stamp
(re-simile of which follows at
side), stating the season and year
in which it was produced."



Registered.

A BAD OVERSIGHT.

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG will undoubtedly
manage the Congressional library satisfac-
torily, with the aid of Mr. Spofford, who has had
the first place over thirty years, and says he
prefers the second position; but the civil-ser-
vice law is badly fractured because his appoint-
ment was not made by and with the advice and
consent of the *Evening Post*.—*Judge.*

ATHENS OF LARD.

SCHOOL-TEACHER (in St. Louis)—"What is
the capital of Greece?"
Pupils (in chorus)—"Chicago!"—*Judge.*

WHITEHALL TERMINAL.

NEW ENTRANCE TO NEW YORK CITY VIA BALTIMORE
AND OHIO—UNEQUALLED FACILITIES.

WHITEHALL Terminal, the new entrance into New
York City, opened for business by the Baltimore
and Ohio Railroad on Monday, July 19th, is the most
convenient station to and from all parts of New
York City and Brooklyn. This terminal is at South
Ferry, east of Battery, and from it, under the same
roof, direct connections are made with trains of the
Second, Third, Sixth, and Ninth Avenue Elevated
Roads; Broadway, Columbus and Lexington Ave-
nue Cable Lines; East and West Side Belt Lines of
horse-cars; South Ferry, Staten Island Ferry, Ham-
ilton Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street (Brooklyn)
Ferry.

Ask for tickets to New York via Baltimore and
Ohio and save inconvenience.
D. B. Martin, Manager Passenger Traffic; J. M.
Schryver, General Passenger Agent.

THE MOUNTAIN CHAUTAUQUA.

This famous Chautauqua, at Mountain Lake
Park, Maryland, opens its session August 4th and
closes August 24th. It is the most superb and sen-
sible summer resort in America. Its height, 2,800 feet
above sea-level, means a delightful climate and un-
surpassed mountain views. Five well-appointed
hotels and 250 cottages open their doors to tourists
at from \$5 to \$12 per week. Twenty departments
of important school work are in the hands of spe-
cialists. The best lecturers, singers, and entertainers
in the country appear three times daily. The pro-
gramme is unequalled. Here is a chance to mix a
little intellectual uplift with your va-cation.

Mountain Lake Park is located on the main line of
the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and as all the fast
trains stop at the Park during the summer, patrons
have the advantage of their superb train service be-
tween the East and the West.

Round-trip tickets will be sold from all stations
east of the Ohio River for all trains August 2d to
23d, valid for return trip until August 31st, at ONE
SINGLE FARE for the ROUND TRIP.

For illustrated pamphlet and all other informa-
tion, address agent Baltimore and Ohio Railroad,
Mountain Lake Park, Maryland.

FAMOUS SPRINGS AT DEER PARK.

A MILLION and a half gallons of the purest water on
earth is the daily output of the famous Boiling
Springs, in Garrett County, Maryland. In order that
nothing can contaminate the Springs, one hundred
acres of land surrounding it, are fenced in. In ad-
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leaves cannot fall into the water. It is from these
extraordinary Springs that Deer Park Hotel receives
its water supply; the water being piped direct to the
hotel. The medical fraternity now concede that in
the matter of health, the question of pure water
stands at the head and front. No summer resort
combines so many healthful features. The air is
wonderfully pure and invigorating; cool nights, with
absolutely no mosquitoes; the finest cuisine, with
perfect sanitary arrangements, make Deer Park Hotel
the ideal resort.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN and LAKE GEORGE, the largest
and most beautiful lakes in the Adirondack system,
are known and loved by thousands, but there are
hundreds of thousands who do not know that in this
section are the finest summer hotels in the world, or
that the route through Saratoga Springs and these
lakes is the greatest scenic highway of pleasure
travel. The handsome illustrated directory of sum-
mer hotels and boarding-houses just issued by the
Delaware and Hudson Railroad contains full infor-
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other resorts along the "Leading Tourists' Lines." It
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Over-Eating!
Over-Drinking!

No part of the human body receives more ill treatment than the bowels. Load
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out. Then you must assist nature. Do it, and see how easily you will be

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Not a violent mass of mercurial and mineral poisons, but a PURE VEGETA-
BLE COMPOUND, that acts directly upon the diseased and worn out intestinal
canal, makes it strong, and restores muscular action, at the same time gently
stimulating the liver and kidneys. Not a patent liquid or pill-form dose, but a
CANDY TABLET—pleasant to eat, easy and delightful in action.

They are indeed NATURE'S OWN REMEDY.

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REFRESHING, SWEET.
**MURRAY &
LANMAN'S
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THE MOST
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FOR HANDKERCHIEF,
TOILET
OR
BATH

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But ask some friend who's made
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And learn how Ivory Soap is
prized;
Then you may buy, and like it, too,
As millions of good judges do.
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Plaster
THE STANDARD EXTERNAL REMEDY.
There are many imitations of this well-known plaster, so be sure
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